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LIFE AT SAN REMO.—THE CROWN PRINCE AND FAMILY IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM, VILLA ZIRIO: THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

What a feast for the satirist is provided in the fuss that is being made in Vienna about ennobling a Rothschild, or, more literally, making him "fit for a Court"! The difference between the insect on the leaf—especially if the leaf belongs to the Emperor's dinner-table—and the insect in the dust seems greater in Austria than anywhere. It is curious enough that in military nations (which one would suppose would be scornful of such shadowy distinctions) the question of precedence has always assumed great importance. Even Germany, where certainly there is no lack of intelligence, grovels at the feet of hereditary etiquette in a way that can only be explained by a total absence of humour. The works of Lord Macaulay are translated in that country, wherein it may be read that heraldry is "a system of arbitrary canons originating in pure caprice," and that "a lion rampant, with a folio in its paw, with a man standing on each side of him, with a telescope over his head, and a motto under his feet, must be either very mysterious or very absurd"; but all that will go for nothing with the Teuton of ambition, who would hardly mind being hung and drawn if he was certain of being afterwards "quartered."

In Turkey, dissensions about precedence between lawyers and soldiers grew, of old, to such a height that the Sultan, "to produce unanimity," enacted that henceforth the left hand (by which, I suppose, was meant the sitting upon it) should be deemed most honourable for soldiers, and the right, for lawyers. "Thus," observes the simple chronicler, "each thinks himself in the place of honour." The circumstance, however, though very characteristic, escapes him that it was the lawyers who got the upper hand—which is, of course, the right one.

In Russia the prerogatives of birth were carried to such an extent in the seventeenth century that the army was demoralised by it. Nobody whose father or even grandfather had held any command over the ancestor of another would stoop to be his subordinate. Under these circumstances, Fedor III. directed all his nobles to appear before him bringing with them their genealogies and family documents, most of which had probably a "mark" below them instead of a sign-manual. "My Lords," he observed, "I mean to put an end—at all events, for the present—to all these inconveniences arising from the comparative greatness of your forefathers which so interferes with the public service. From henceforth—and here he caused all the genealogies to be thrown into the fire—"you start fair."

The English, notwithstanding the proverbial pride of our nobility, have never made themselves ridiculous about these matters. "You may put me anywhere," said one bluff old duke to his hostess, "except in a draught." Lady Walpole mentions that on the occasion of her inviting a very distinguished company to her house, to meet the great Italian singers Cuzzoni and Faustini, her only difficulty about precedence arose from the jealousy of the two professionals. The differences between Tweedledum and Tweedledee could only be got over by inducing Faustini to follow her into a remote part of the house to admire some old china, while Cuzzoni sang under the idea that her rival had left the field. After which Cuzzoni, with the same happy result, was shown the china.

An "Aggrieved Matron" has been speaking her mind, more in sorrow than in anger, against the inefficient clothing in which young ladies present themselves in the evening to public view; but she has forgotten to add "especially at this season of the year." In summer it is not nearly so objectionable, if one could be quite certain of the security of those shoulder-straps, on which, I suppose, even more than on the button of a man's shirt collar, everything depends; but in winter it gives the beholder the shivers. "How can they, *can* they, be so?" or, rather, "go so?" They make *me* dress for dinner, and why shouldn't *they* dress, instead of doing the very contrary? I do not venture to say a word about the impropriety of the matter; but what would be said if, being asked to bring a friend with me to an evening-party, I should bring a "snow man" with me instead? The effect produced by a "woman in white," with bare neck and arms, is—at all events, to an old gentleman of my time of life—precisely what that would be. We hear of cold weather carrying off the aged, but it is not only the weather that does it. What is "the icy smile" of Lady Clara Vere De Vere compared with this scanty apparel of hers? What is "the cold shade of the aristocracy"? What is "the cold shoulder," when here there are two of them—and more? At all events, dear young ladies, put it off—I mean put something on—till the warm weather comes, for the sake, not of the "Aggrieved Matron" (you will, of course, not do *that*) but of "A Grandfather"!

I don't speak of the risk to health and even to life that is caused by this custom, because I believe the risk is part of the enjoyment: young women are always running risks, down to the day when they marry the Ne'er-do-well. I read of one of them last week, in a filmy dress, playing with a fairy lamp in a ball-room, with the result (though I am happy to add not a fatal one) that any mere male creature would have expected. If such immediate dangers fail to alarm them, how is it to be expected that they should care for bronchitis, or even consumption, nearly a week ahead? Besides, what *is* consumption, compared with the delights of six hours' dancing in a filmy dress in a hot ball-room—with the thermometer outside registering ten degrees of frost?

A wicked member of the Winchester College Shakspeare Society has been counting the number of puns in the divine William's plays. There are sixty-three, it seems, in "Romeo

and Juliet," and no less than nineteen even in "King Lear"! Punning is, no doubt, the lowest species of wit; but yet it shows some wit, and what one has to complain of in Shakspeare's puns is not that they are so many, but that there are no good ones. There is not even a very bad pun, which is almost as good—to those who understand such matters—as a good one.

It is very dangerous in these days to write of any book with commendation: to abuse it is very right and proper, and (I have no doubt, to some people) the most natural thing in the world; but to have an eye to its merits, rather than to its defects, is obviously log-rolling. Still, in praising a novel *temp. Louis VII.*, and 757 years old, there cannot be much personal bias, and still less prospect of reciprocity from the author. I suppose "Aucassin and Nicolette" is the oldest work of fiction in the world, and on that account deserving of a word or two. (I can't help saying that it has been "done into English" by Mr. Andrew Lang, because, if it had not been, I couldn't have read it; but I don't assert it is well done. I confine myself to saying that it is done like everything else he touches.) It is entirely a love story—a much more "pure and simple" one than the French, or even, I regret to say, some of the English ones of to-day; while it is more full of incident than the American novel.

The hero, the son of a great Lord, declines to embrace any profession, but only Nicolette. "I marvel that you will be speaking, father," he says (a little disrespectfully, as it strikes one), when it is suggested that he shall go to the wars, like other young persons of his quality; to which "the governor" replies (for papas really were governors in those days) that if he gets the young woman "at his will," he will "burn her in a fire." So the relations are a little strained between them from the first. How very much Aucassin is in earnest may be gathered from his reply to a friend of the family who points out that by marrying this young person (who is a slave girl) he will never enter into Paradise. "Paradise!" replies the young fellow (who, I am afraid, must have imbibed some of the sceptical opinions of the *Twelfth Century Review*), "thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars, and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they which go into Paradise. . . . But into the other place" (which he indicates) "would I fain go; for thither fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fell in tourneys and great wars, and all men noble. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three. With these would I liefly go, let me but have with me Nicolette, my sweetest lady."

This is exactly the view of that gentleman of our own time who, while admitting the superiority of climate in one of two much-referred-to but little-known regions, yet preferred the company to be found in the other. And, indeed, the main attraction of this old-world story is in its wonderful resemblance in ideas and motives to those which find expression in similar works to-day. Like most old novels it is mainly a string of adventures, and possesses little dramatic interest; every honest man (who is not a scholar) will admit that in the infancy of Fiction the storyteller, like the dog that walks on his hind legs, did not do it well, and that the wonder of his performance (as Dr. Johnson puts it) is that he does it at all. But I repeat that its family likeness in thought and feeling to the love-stories of our own day makes "Aucassin and Nicolette" most interesting reading. It is interspersed with many charming verses, ostensibly written by the author, but which the critics (of 1130) no doubt discovered were plagiarisms from other people.

Of the sagacity of elephants we have had many examples; it is now almost certain that they read the newspapers. A few days after the publication of the post mortem on the widow of Jumbo, describing the personal effects amassed in her interior, the contents of a clothes-chest belonging to an attendant in a menagerie at Edinburgh mysteriously disappeared. The theft was brought home to the performing troupe of elephants apparently by the airs and graces they gave themselves, similar to those observable in our own *nouveaux riches*. They have absorbed shirts, trousers, boots, and even clothes-brushes, articles absolutely unattractive unless from the consideration (as persons of property) which their possession might confer upon them. This, too, is very human.

The Austrian Government seems to have hit upon a really good plan for the discouragement of drunkenness—if (a large "if," however) it can only be carried into effect. After a man has been convicted of this offence three times, no publican, under penalties, may supply him for the rest of the year with liquor. In country places, where the man is known, this may work well; but in towns he will have only to go out of his own neighbourhood for his daily poison. It should be enacted, in addition, that the drunkard should wear a badge; in Vienna, where armorial bearings are thought so much of, this might easily be done without wounding his feelings: let the heralds invent a cognizance for "three sheets in the wind." This class of offender is often very judgmental in the choice of his times for "breaking out." If he is to have but three chances *per annum*, he will probably choose New Year's Day, Midsummer Day, and New Year's Eve; he will thereby keep within the law, and secure the maximum of enjoyment—forty-eight hours of intoxication. Some people are very easily excited by liquor. A cook, accused of drunkenness the other day, protested she had had nothing but a mince-pie; there must have been a good deal of brandy in the mince-meat. A footman went even further, and, with many hiccups, affirmed in the dock that he had had nothing but a biscuit; this must have been a wine-biscuit.

The President of the French Republic, it is cynically said, is bidding for the female vote because he has officially recognised the obligations which the State is under to those excellent ladies who follow the example of our own Miss Nightingale, in dedicating their lives to the sick poor. It is a pity that the admirable woman who founded the Bon Marché, and made her wealth the means of so much good to her fellow-countrymen, did not live to see M. Carnot's accession to power, since he would certainly have gratified her ambition to wear the cross of the Legion of Honour. How strange it is that even in the foremost of their sex this passion for "decoration"—and ribbons—should be as strong as in the feeblest! When on the noble breast of Mlle. Nicolle, who has humanised the idiot, tended the sick, and devoted her whole life to similar good works, the President pinned the rosette, which signifies knighthood, we are told "she fainted with emotion." She had been a night nurse for six and thirty years, but the spelling it with a K made all the difference.

Speaking of noble actions reminds me that the National Life-Boat Institution is making an urgent and special appeal for funds this year. It has been necessary to replace some of their boats by others of a better type, and the cost has drawn upon the capital of the society to the extent of £18,000. This is a charity about which not even the niggard can raise an objection to excuse his closing his purse-strings, and one to which every Englishman should be a cheerful giver. During the last year it has saved from the hungry sea 572 lives, and since its foundation, no less than 33,243!

THE COURT.

The Queen held a Council at Osborne on Thursday, Dec. 29. Sir Augustus Paget, British Ambassador at Vienna, had an audience of her Majesty before returning to resume his diplomatic duties. Mr. M'Andrews, who presented a Jubilee address, in July last, to the Queen from the people of Inverness, was knighted. Sir Charles Mills, on behalf of the people of the Diamond Fields, South Africa, presented an address to her Majesty in a very handsome ivory casket, studded with 250 gems; and Mr. Ravenscroft presented from the people of Ceylon an address and three kneeling elephants, fully equipped with howdahs, &c., with tusks tipped with gold, which support a casket in which the address is placed. Mrs. Goldstein, Mrs. Gott, and Mrs. Wynne were introduced to her Majesty's presence, and presented an address and an embroidered tablecloth, embroidered by the women of Bradford. Mr. John Morris-Moore, one of the subscribers to the Jubilee offering presented to the Queen by the English residents in Italy, had the honour of personally offering to her Majesty, as a private gift, an original painting by Giotto, representing "Christ bearing the Cross," one of the pictures belonging to the small but choice collection bequeathed to Mr. Morris-Moore by his father, the well-known connoisseur. The Maharajah of Kuch-Behar had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family on Saturday, Dec. 31. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and Miss Ponsonby had the honour of being invited. The band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry (Portsmouth Division), under the direction of Mr. George Miller, bandmaster, played a selection of music. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, New Year's Day. The Queen drove out in the afternoon accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. Major A. J. and Mrs. Bigge and the Rev. Canon Duckworth had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Duke of Norfolk, K.G., and the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.M.G. (her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg) arrived at Osborne on Dec. 3, and had audiences of her Majesty.—On the occasion of the New Year the Queen has added to the number of Knights Commanders in the Indian Orders and in the Colonial Order of St. Michael and St. George. Among the English gentlemen so honoured are Dr. T. Robertson, M.P., Mr. J. Pender, and Mr. Edwin Arnold.—The Queen has been pleased to approve of Sir Richard Garth, Q.C., late Chief Justice, High Court of Judicature, Calcutta, being admitted a member of her Most Honourable Privy Council.—The Queen's New Year's gifts were distributed in the Riding-School, Windsor Castle, on Saturday, Dec. 31. They consisted of a ton and a half of beef and sixty-eight tons of coal, and the recipients numbered 920. The Queen also gives £100 to the Royal Clothing Club.

The Russian Ambassador and Madame and Mlle. De Stael, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier (her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg), and the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Davidson arrived at Sandringham on Dec. 31, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the guests staying at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park, on Sunday morning, Jan. 1. The Rev. E. Heseltine, Curate of West Newton and Sandringham, officiated, and the sermon was preached by the Dean of Windsor.—The Prince has, through Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, presented to the governors of the Salt Schools, for the museum of the new Art and Science School at Saltaire, the large and valuable collection of Chinese figures, costumes, and other articles which were exhibited at the Royal Yorkshire Jubilee Exhibition.

Princess Christian visited the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, on Dec. 29, and distributed the Christmas-tree gifts to the children of the soldiers of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards.

The infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland was baptised on Dec. 29 in the Villa Cumberland, at Penzing, in presence of the Duke and Duchess, the Queen of Denmark, the Queen of Hanover, Princess Mary, Mr. Phipps (English Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna), and a few other guests. The ceremony was performed by Pastor Greve, from Christ Church, Hanover. The infant Prince, who was born on Nov. 17, was christened Ernest August Christian George.

The valuable and interesting gifts presented to the Queen upon the attainment of the Jubilee year of her reign are being removed from Windsor Castle to the Bethnal-green Museum for the inspection of the residents at the East-End of the metropolis.

Exclusive of the munificent donations of £20,000 and £40,000 made by the Drapers' Company to the People's Palace, Mile-End, we learn from the *City Press* that the following grants have also been made by the City Companies:—Clothworkers, £1000; Grocers, £500; Carpenters, £500; Skinners, £300; Mercers, £262 10s.; Fishmongers, £210; Merchant Taylors, £105; Leathersellers, £100; Salters, £52 10s.; and Gunmakers, £10.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Lucky those who delayed their visit to Drury-Lane pantomime until the edges were cut and trimmed, the rough places made smooth and the whole thing was in full swing. In a very short space of time marvellous things have been accomplished, and the authors' text has been coloured up by those excellent comedians Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell. They are both seen at their best in "Puss in Boots." The one is a pantomime monarch worthy of Thackeray in "The Rose and the Ring," and the other a depressed but loquacious Queen who manages to get in more than one word edgewise. All the matrimonial squabbles, all the domestic wranglings, all the polite sarcasms and family jars are conceived in the best spirit of humour by two actors who are singularly observant; and there are probably very few in the audience who cannot recognise in this most comical husband and wife types of those they have often come across in their own walk through life. Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Campbell, who are the life and soul of the comic side of the pantomime, have several capital scenes; their topical duet, with its connection of mediæval with modern times, is a little over the heads of their audience, and, if anything, too involved for a holiday crowd to appreciate; but the fun they get out of the journey in the stage coach, the incident of the pretended drowning of the Marquis of Carabas, and the struggle for supremacy with the costermonger's donkey, are all in the best and most legitimate spirit of pantomime fun. Would, indeed, that all the music-hall artists introduced to the stage at Christmas-time were as funny as the Brothers Griffiths, who thus utilise their far-famed donkey trick to good purpose.

There are, at least, three very remarkable scenes in this year's Drury-Lane pantomime. One is devoted to the costly produce of the loom; one is a splendid exhibition of Birmingham stage armoury; and the third is as graceful and poetical a scene as has been invented for modern pantomime. Thus all tastes are satisfied. Connoisseurs in dress, ladies who love to see brocades and velvets, trains and pages, and a marvel of millinery, will vote for the white marble hall of the King's Palace, with its processional pageant and splendid bursts of colour. There are bits of this stage picture worthy of Paolo Veronese. Others, who care little for gratifying the artistic sense, will be loud in their praises of the Armouries scene—a bright and dazzling presentation of silver, gold, and spangles. The effect when all the knights in serried ranks descend the steps of a tribune is magnificent in the extreme. But there still remains another scene which rivals its fellows in beauty of design and the exercise of imagination. This is the transformation picture, represented this year by a flower ballet. The idea is to represent, by means of children and girls, a wedding-bouquet. It is charmingly and fancifully carried out, and the most delightful result of white flowers and green leaves, maiden-hair fern, roses, lilies, stephanotis, daisies, and azalea is attained at a minimum of cost. So the fashionable, the practical, and the poetic have each a scene to themselves in the Drury-Lane pantomime this year.

The singing of Miss Wadman is not always very true, but she makes a capital burlesque Prince, otherwise the Marquis of Carabas, who, of course, falls in love with neatly-tripping, lightly-dancing Letty Lind, who has already made herself a favourite with the children and their attendants. Mr. Lionel Rigold and Mr. Danby strive, not wholly unsuccessfully, to be funny; but the fairy known as Love or Cupid is a somewhat modern one, not distinguished for very much imagination. But if music-hall songs are required, as, no doubt, they are, they must be sung in the acquired music-hall manner, with the tone and the twang accepted by the habitués of the smoking theatre. Mr. Walter Slaughter has composed and arranged some excellent music, not too serious or advanced for a popular audience, and it is good news to hear that popular Harry Payne is still the most agile and indefatigable of clowns who comes on before the audience is wearied out with its feast of fun. Without a doubt the Drury-Lane pantomime is the best, the brightest, and the funniest that has been seen for many a long year, and it is quite certain that no one could have told the good old story of "Puss in Boots" so well or with such dramatic vigour as the veteran E. L. Blanchard, who was employed on the same cheerful task when most fathers of families were in their nurse's arms. The great Christmas battle has been won once more by Mr. Augustus Harris, whose ears are delighted with hilarious laughter that starts with the rise and ends with the fall of the curtain.

The pantomime at Covent-Garden, arranged for the special joy and delight of the children by Mr. Freeman Thomas and Mr. Purkiss, is altogether of a homely, pleasant, and old-fashioned pattern. It is showy, but not extravagant; funny, but never vulgar; busy and bustling without any strenuous aiming after sensational effect. The authors, Mr. Henry Hersee and Mr. Horace Lennard, have put together a clever and neatly-written book on the good old subject of "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and the lyrics throughout are skilfully turned, as they could not fail to be by such practised writers of verse. Such a well-known nursery-book subject of course requires, among many other things, two strong features—an active Jack and a comic Giant. Both are happily forthcoming. Miss Fanny Leslie has no rival on the stage at pantomime time. She is incorporated vivacity, a singer of singular charm, and with very few equals as a dancer. Thanks to her liveliness, her high spirits, and her mercurial nature she bounds through the pantomime and stirs her companions up to activity. Fun never flags when Miss Fanny Leslie is on the stage. The Giant—a wonderful example of stage mechanism—is played and worked by that clever young pantomimist George Conquest, clever son of a celebrated father. The pugilistic encounter, or "set-to," between Jack and the Giant is, of course, a scene in which the youngsters take huge delight; but, although there has been no lavish display of money, still the village scenes, the ballets, the processions, and the comic business generally, are quite in accordance with the reputation of this celebrated theatre. The music-hall has been drawn upon for the best variety talent that it could spare at this season of the year; and the Continent has sent over M. Cascabel, whose quick changes, in presence of the audience, would have astonished the entertainer of old—such, for instance, as Mr. W. S. Woodin, whose death on New-Year's Day was announced, he having long since retired into private life. On Boxing Night there was a little difficulty behind the scenes; and an ominous pause after the transformation scene brought on Mr. J. A. Cave, who has done so much for the pantomime, to say that there could be no harlequinade that evening! Fancy that! A pantomime without any clown on Boxing Night! As well Christmas without holly; a New Year without bells, or Twelfth Night without characters. The difficulty, such as it was, could not have been a very severe one, for in a few days' time Little Sandy and Jee were in their places as clowns in the double harlequinade.

Let it not be imagined, however, that the holiday folk only patronise new plays and pantomimes at Christmas time. Stepping, the other evening, into the Prince of Wales's Theatre, we found it not only crammed full, but an audience roaring with laughter over Dorothy." Now, charming and delightful as is the music set by Mr. Cellier to this popular

play, it was never at the outset a very funny story or a particularly comical libretto. How then can the change be accounted for? Mr. Arthur Williams, a comedian with much of the quaint and dry humour of Arthur Roberts, has worked up the character of Lurcher into a capital comic creation, and his "patter," not one word of which the author probably ever heard, literally brings down the house. Low comedians who are at once inventive, suggestive, and clever, who do not speak too much, but just enough, and who understand the temper of their audience, deserve a testimonial. They are, indeed, the comic writers. How many of these musical plays have been conjured into extraordinary successes by such comedians as Nicholls, Campbell, Paulton, Arthur Roberts, Leslie, and Arthur Williams! They should be called extempore actors, for they are always ready with something new and amusing. At this rate it would not be surprising to find "Dorothy" running for another two years, for, apart from the music, it is already another play.

The brief rest awarded to dramatic critics is not to last very long. Mr. Buchanan's new play is to be produced at the Haymarket this week. Changes of importance are pending at the St. James's, the Vaudeville, and the Strand. New plays are to be produced at matinées arranged at the Haymarket and St. James's—the first by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, which will bring Miss Genevieve Ward back to London; the second, that is to afford Mr. Haro an opportunity of creating a new character—a sporting parson, it is said; and on Saturday French opéra-bouffe is to have a new start with the old "Grande Duchesse" at the Royalty.

LIFE AT SAN REMO.

Christmas and the New Year, in spite of the sincerest good wishes of millions of people in Germany, in England, in Italy, and we trust in every other country of Europe, for the health of the estimable Crown Prince and for the happiness of his family, could not be passed without anxiety, this time, at the Villa Zirio, where his Imperial and Royal Highness is awaiting the issues of a malady supposed by some eminent physicians to imperil the prolongation of his life. We will hope for the best, and would gladly rely on the favourable opinion recently expressed by Sir Morell Mackenzie, sympathising as we all do with the painful feelings of uncertainty that must still prevail among those immediately surrounding the illustrious patient, and especially with his admirable wife, the Princess Royal of Great Britain, the eldest daughter of our beloved Queen. In the meantime, we hear that the cheerful fortitude with which this trying experience is borne, as well by the Crown Prince himself as by his family, and their resignation to the event which is still doubtful, command the respect of all who are near them. They did not fail, on Christmas Eve, to observe the pretty German custom of decking out the domestic Christmas-tree, with its lights and its suspended gifts, in the most convenient apartment of their house. Our Artist at San Remo was kindly permitted to view this pleasant festive arrangement in the billiard-room of the Villa Zirio, and to make the sketch that has furnished an Engraving for this week's Number of our Journal. We earnestly hope that the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany will be able next Christmas, and for many years to come, happily to repeat the customary rites of the sacred season, and that Berlin will again and again witness their participation in the old-fashioned German Christmas, the more endeared to them by gratitude for relief from their present doubts and fears, which have not yet been removed.

The Naval-Defence Bill has been passed by both Houses of the New Zealand Parliament.

The Christmas number of the "Publishers' Circular," just published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., completes the fiftieth year of its existence.

Last week the 2000th consecutive sermon by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, entitled "Healing by the Stripes of Jesus," was published.

Sir Thomas Lecky, the Mayor of Derry, has presented purses of sovereigns to the engine-driver and fireman of a train on the Northern Counties Railway, in recognition of their bravery and presence of mind in saving the lives of nearly 200 passengers by stopping the train on Sept. 28 last, when within two yards of going over a high embankment into the river Bann. The train had previously left the rails, and, when stopped, the carriage in which the Mayor and others were seated was hanging over the water.

The three English Masonic Charitable Institutions received and banked during the year 1887 a total sum of £61,059. Another sum of £6000 was voted to them by Grand Lodge, but it has not yet been paid over owing to Lord Carnarvon's absence from England. The largest amount realised in one year by either of the English Masonic charities was in the past year, when the Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Masons and Deceased Masons' Widows received nearly £29,000. The English Freemasons' Board of Benevolence granted during 1887 £10,569 to distressed Freemasons.

Many of the leading members of the theatrical profession attended a meeting, held by permission of Miss Mary Anderson in the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre on Jan. 3, under the presidency of Lord Londesborough, when the position of the sufferers from the burning of the Grand Theatre, Islington, was considered. The steps taken by the provisional committee were approved. Mr. Ledger and Mr. Townley were appointed joint hon. treasurers, and Mr. Compton and Mr. Freeman hon. secretaries. It was decided to accept Miss Mary Anderson's offer of a benefit performance at the Lyceum Theatre. Benefit performances have been arranged by the Mohawk Minstrels, Sadler's Wells Theatre, and at Deacon's and Collins's Music-halls. Nearly £700 have been subscribed to the relief fund, and it is computed that £3000 will be needed to allay the wants of the employés.

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ABROAD.

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MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Twilight Songs for Children" consist of six ditties by G. C. Bingham, set to music by A. W. Marchant. Both text and music are well suited to interest a juvenile circle. The melodies, although simple, are well marked, and can scarcely fail to please those for whom they are intended. Messrs. R. Cooks and Co. are the publishers.

"A Lullaby" is the title of a song, the words and music of which are by Miss Julia Latey. In each respect a soothing and gentle sentiment is well expressed, the vocal melody being flowing and graceful, and lying within a moderate compass of voice. An incidental transition to the sub-dominant of the prevailing key has a good effect of contrast. Mr. C. Jeffreys, of Berners-street, is the publisher. Other recent publications by this firm include three pleasing vocal pieces. "Sweet Breath of Summer Roses" is a song from the popular "Miss Esmeralda"—text by Messrs. A. C. Torr and H. Mills—which has met with such success at the Gaiety Theatre. The music, by Herr W. Meyer Lutz, is graceful and flowing in its melody, and has proved highly effective in its rendering by Miss Marion Hood. Its publication in a detached shape will be acceptable in drawing-room circles. "Come to the Meadows Fair" is a duet, for soprano and contralto, by Mr. W. C. Levey, whose music is of an essentially vocal character, suave and gracious in its melody, and well written for the two voices in their alternate combined and separate display. "Thou art my Queen," song by G. Tartaglione, has much melodic flow in its pervading portions, with incidental passages which afford opportunities for declamatory effect. A good rhythmical variety is given by an intermediate change of tempo from common time to nine-eighth tempo. Mr. Jeffreys also publishes some bright pianoforte pieces. "An Evening Reverie," by M. Henri Logé, is somewhat in the style of a "notturmo"; a prevailing melody, of vocal character, being well set off by an accompaniment in which there is much graceful and figurative treatment. Copious directions for fingering greatly facilitate the mechanical execution, and enhance the value of the piece as a study. A "Hornpipe," by M. Watson, is a very effective movement in the style of the old English dance indicated by the title. The rhythm is well marked, without exaggeration; and the alternative, or trio, in the subdominant of the original key, is in good contrast thereto. "Schöne Mädchen," by W. Vandervell, is another imitation of an old dance form, in this instance the "Gavotte," the distinctive characteristics of which are well preserved. This piece also has an intermediate movement in the subdominant of the original key. "Toujours Fidèle. Romance sans Paroles," by A. T. McEvoy, is a good example of the form of pianoforte piece that has been so widely popular ever since Mendelssohn produced his immortal "Lieder ohne Worte" (Songs without Words). Mr. McEvoy's specimen is based on a very pleasing melody (in the cantabile style) which is well treated in its harmonic surroundings and florid subsidiary passages. Besides the vocal extract from "Miss Esmeralda" referred to above, Mr. Jeffreys issues a set of Lancers, Quadrilles, and a Waltz based on themes from the same source, by Herr W. Meyer Lutz.

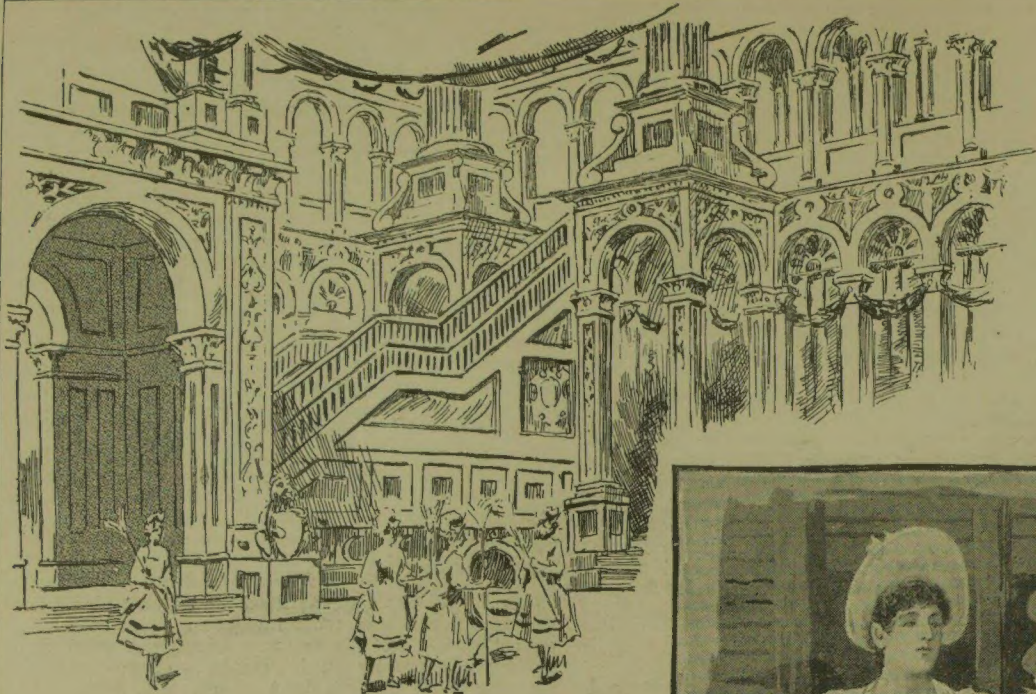
"The Kissing Gate" is a song of piquant character, bright without levity, with a clear and taking melody well set off by the harmonic treatment. Mr. F. H. Cowen is the composer, as also of "Tears," a song in which tender sentiment is well expressed. An additional accompaniment for the harmonium may be either used or dispensed with, the effect being heightened in the former case. The same publishers (Messrs. Enoch and Sons) also issue, among various vocal pieces, "Happy Three," by J. L. Roeckel, a song with a vigorous rhythmical melody, in the good old English style; another noticeable piece being "Stars of Earth," a song adapted by M. Watson from the late Joachim Raff's beautiful cavatina which is widely known in its several instrumental shapes. The exquisite melody lends itself well to a vocal adaptation. A violin or violoncello obbligato accompaniment enhances the effect. Among Messrs. Enoch and Co.'s recent issues of pianoforte music is an "Album Célèbre" in which, for the price of eighteenpence, ten pieces are given, including, among others, some charming movements by Gounod, Henselt, Raff, Rubinstein, Spohr, and Schumann—all well engraved and printed on good paper, in what is called the "format Litolf," of which several hundred issues have appeared.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s cheap albums of vocal and pianoforte music are being continued with sustained interest. The fourth volume of this edition of Schubert's songs contains the celebrated "Schwanengesang"—among the most beautiful of Schubert's compositions for a single voice. The original German words are given, together with an English version by the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck. The same publishers continue to issue their cheap "Pianoforte Albums," Nos. 27 and 28 of which contain the series of charming pieces for four hands by Moscheles, entitled "Domestic Life," each having a characteristic title, and a corresponding musical significance. Nos. 29, 30, and 31 of the "Pianoforte Albums" comprise a series of solo pieces by Kjerulf, a Scandinavian composer, whose music has deservedly attracted much attention abroad, and has recently been introduced here. There is a strongly-marked touch of Northern romanticism about the pieces now referred to, the closing portion of the third book consisting of arrangements of twenty of the very striking songs of Kjerulf. Novello's "Part-Song Book" (issued by the same firm) has reached upwards of five hundred numbers, containing pieces for several voices by modern composers of eminence. The variety of the contents, and the lowness of the price, entitle the work to a wide circulation.

Mr. John Hibbert, corn, flour, and provision merchant, Cardiff, who failed in 1876, has paid all his creditors in full, to the extent of £10,000.

The spring show of the Royal Dublin Society will be held at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, on April 23 and three following days. In addition to prizes amounting to £1008 offered by the society, the Government premiums for the improvement of Irish cattle, the total amount of which is £1450, will also be awarded at this show.

The Government of the Argentine Republic has established an information office at 22, Great George-street, Westminster, in order to supply information on the commerce, agriculture, industries, &c., of that country, entirely free of charge, either on personal or written application. A map of the Argentine Republic has been published at this office, with a short description of the country, and the latest information as to its political organisation, agriculture, industries, commerce, revenue, and expenditure, railways and other means of communication, education, labour market, and other matters. At the same office a collection of specimens of wool, cereals, skins, minerals, and other products of the country; also samples of preserved meat in tins, smoked meat, concentrated broth, essence of meat and peptones, from various factories, may be inspected daily, from eleven to four o'clock. Printed catalogues of these specimens and samples can be had on application.



The Palace.



The Blondu Donkey.



Couple from the Children's Ballet.

The Princess.

Cupid



Jocelyn and Puss in Boots.



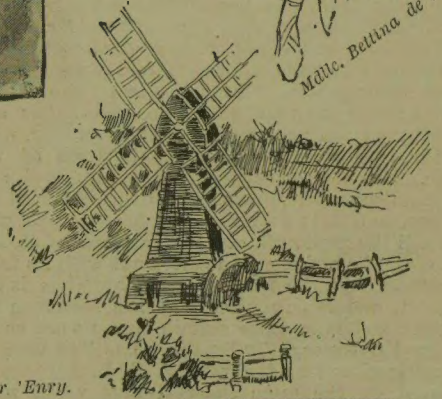
Mlle. Bellina de Sortis.



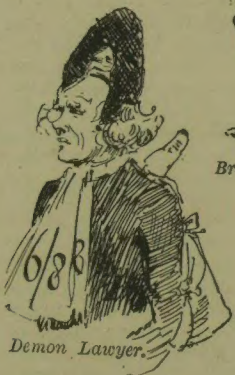
Brother Williams.



Brother 'Enry.



The Princess's Pas de Fascination.



Demon Lawyer.



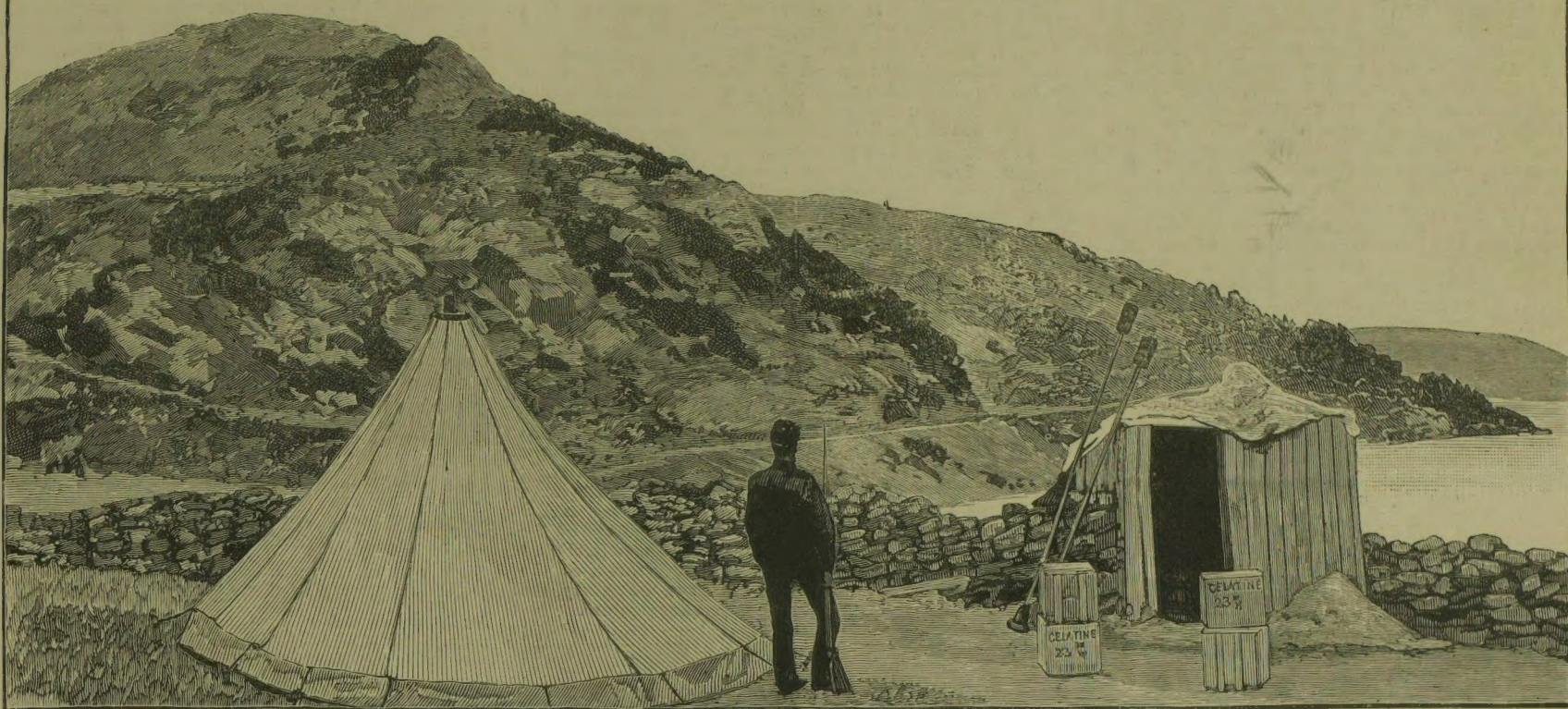
Benjamin Partridge & Co.



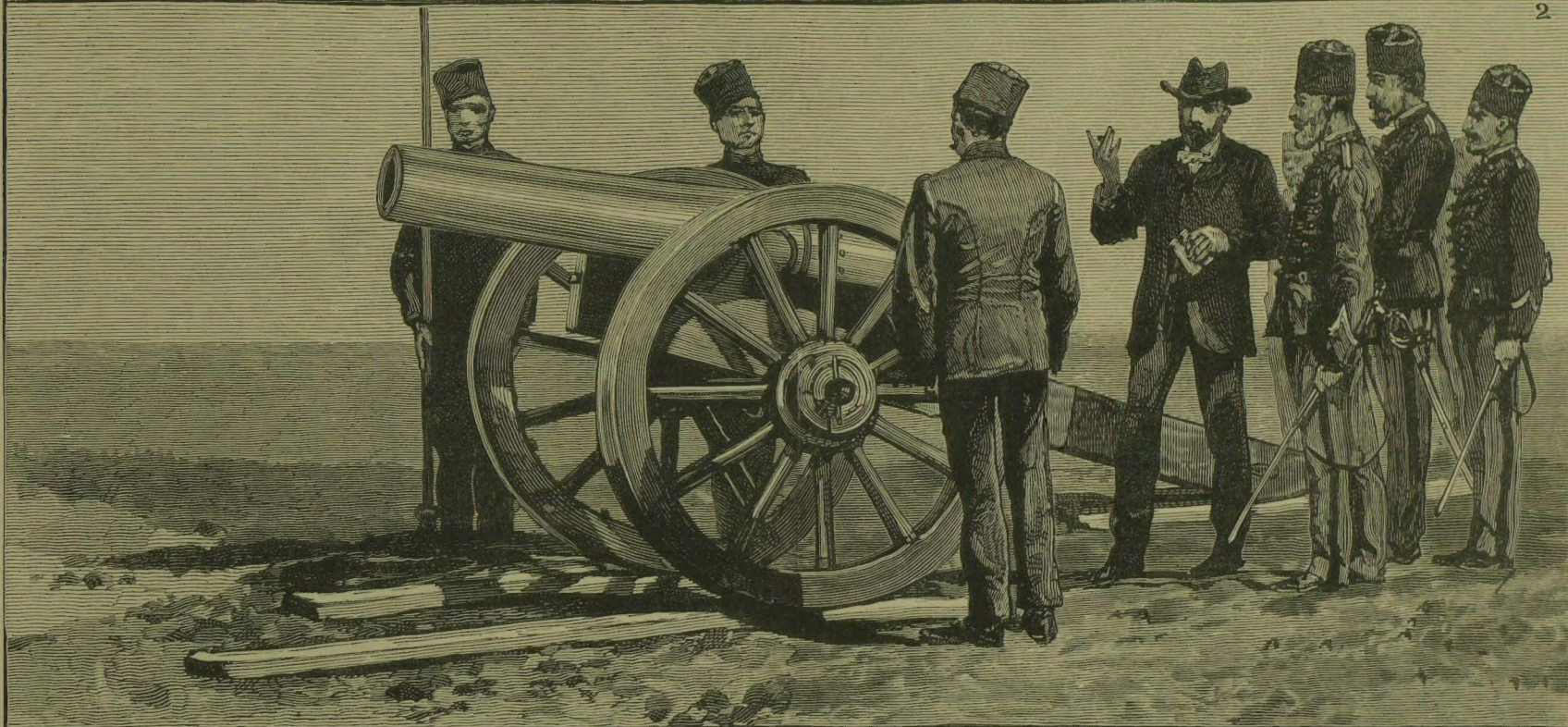
The Queen.

The King.

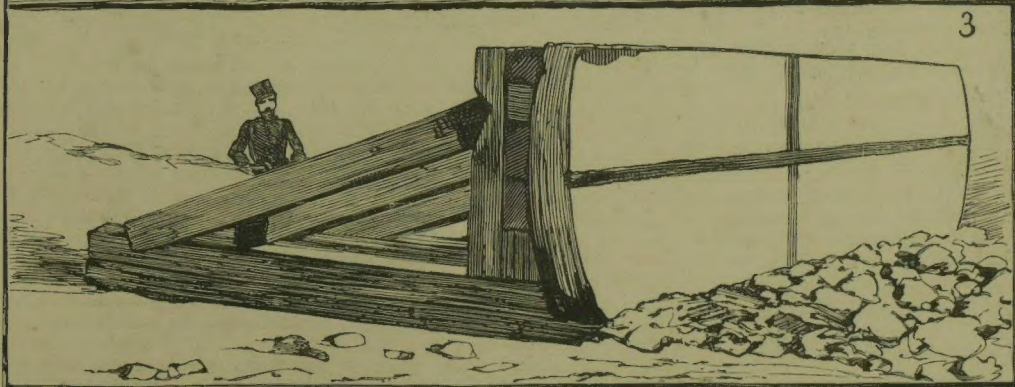
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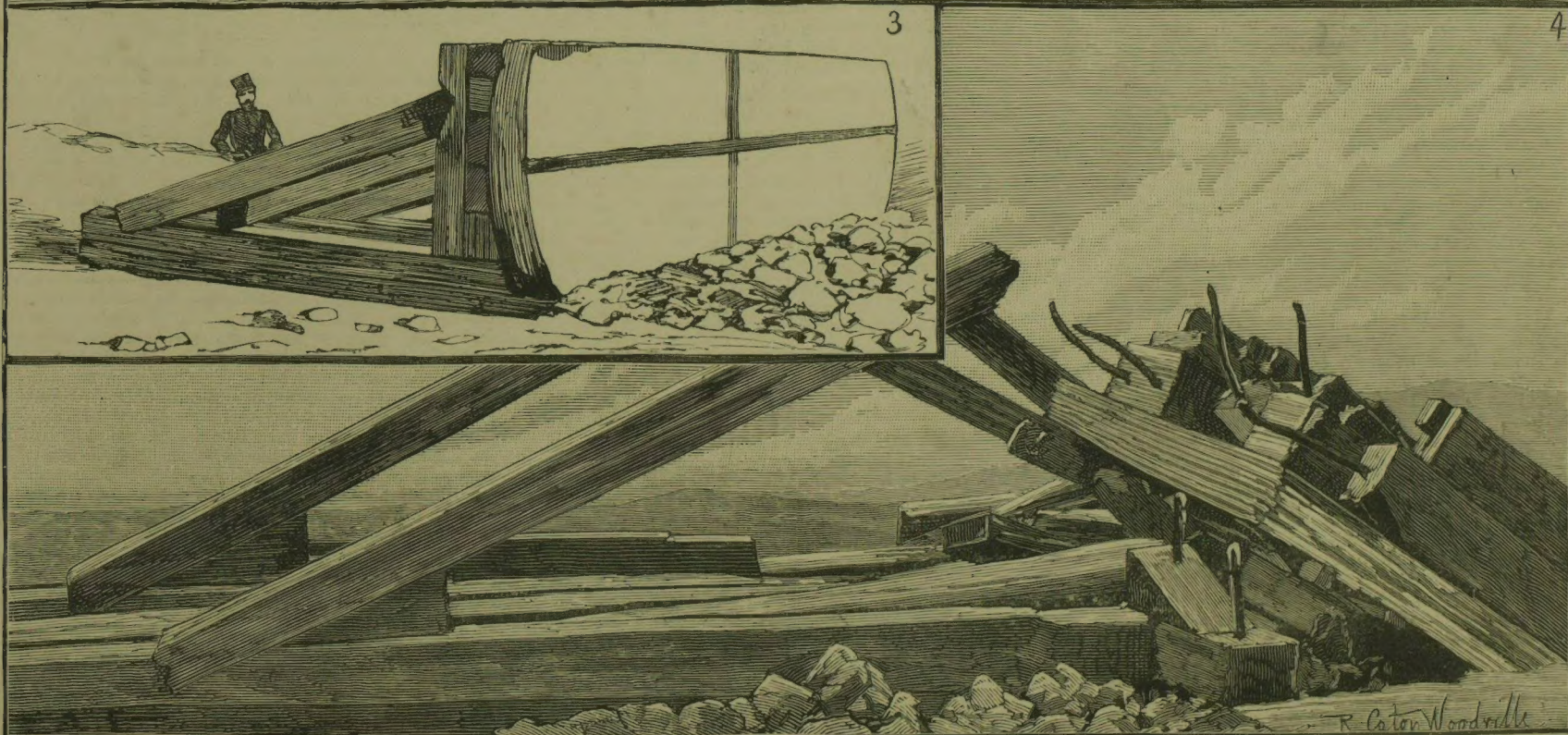
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4



1. Tent for artillerymen, bomb-proof shelter, and cases of nitro-glycerine compound gelatine.
2. Breech-loading rifled field-howitzer, inspected by General Asif Pasha and his staff.

3. Target composed of twelve one-inch steel plates, with 14 inches of oaken beams at the back.
4. The target destroyed by a single shell exploding in it.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The opening of the winter exhibitions of pictures is always one of the first things to remind us in London that another of those arbitrary divisions of time which we call years has been told off upon the calendar of man's brief history. As though there were not 314 lawful days in this Leap Year, the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery both chose to open their doors for their private views on one and the same date. This fact made a labour of what else would have been one of the most pleasant events of the winter season. The pictures at either place would well repay an entire afternoon's study; and then there are one's acquaintances to greet, and the celebrated people to take note of; so that it becomes really too laborious to have both views on one day.

Lord and Lady Spencer paid their visit to the Academy first, and walked through the rooms with Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury. Lady Spencer wore a remarkably handsome long mantle, made in the prevailing fashion, about which I told my readers some weeks ago, with the dolman sleeves of a different material from that of the rest of the coat. The back and front were of a brown velvet pattern, brocaded on an Ottoman silk ground; the sleeves, of plain brown velvet. The sleeves, neck, and front were edged with feather trimming, while bretelles of glittering bead passementerie reached to the waist, back and front. Lady Spencer's bonnet was of dark red velvet, trimmed with an aigrette of bird-of-Paradise tails. "Lady A." alert and upright as ever, wore a heavy long coat of seal-brown plush, edged with feather trimming, and a brown velvet bonnet trimmed with red bows and cock's feather aigrette. Long mantles were very generally worn; but there are still some ladies who have not yet learned that to wear these garments in brilliant-hued plush—sapphire blue, cardinal red, or old gold—is decidedly vulgar and *démodé*. Long coats properly constructed are, nevertheless, extremely fashionable. Lady Monckton in such a mantle was perhaps the best dressed woman in the room. Her brilliant brunette complexion was set off by a coat of scarlet ottoman silk, with revers of velvet of the same colour at the breast. This was amply relieved by plenty of black lace twisted round the throat, black moiré ribbon falling profusely and well draped from the waist at the front, and "wings" of fine black Chantilly lace beginning on the shoulders at the back, continued brace fashion, gradually widening, to the waist, and there spreading out into a well-arranged broad flounce, draping but not concealing the fullness of the skirt of the scarlet silk. With this handsome coat, Lady Monckton wore a large black "picture" hat, composed of lace and moiré ribbon indescribably mingled. Miss Edith Pollock, who accompanied Sir Frederick, had a handsome long mantle made out of an Indian shawl, than which nothing can look richer. Indian shawls can be draped for wear in this fashion without cutting them, so that ladies who keep those superb wraps lying idly in their wardrobes have only themselves to thank.

Amongst long cloaks that admirably suited their wearers, but that can hardly be quoted as illustrations of current fashion, were Mrs. Oscar Wilde's pretty and becoming grey, soft cloth "Directoire" coat—the sort of thing that I shall have to describe as fashionable perhaps this time next year—a long, loose garment, gathered behind but with no improve, and quite narrow-skirted and high-waisted, the cape front falling straight from neck to feet; and Mrs. Holman Hunt's equally straight but much lighter grey redingote. Lady Colin Campbell better illustrated the fashion which is probably immediately coming amongst us. Her dress was of striped silk and velvet—green, brown, and dark heliotrope narrow stripes alternately—combined with shot-silk, the shades ranging from green to pink. The bodice was made with quite long basques, the striped velvet being used for it, with a vest of narrow knife-pleatings of the green silk. The flat sides of the skirt were in the striped velvet, and opened up over a front of the green silk, which latter also formed a full but plain drapery at the back. The long basque over the hips and flat-sided skirt opening up the front are characteristic of the modern "Directoire" style which is taking possession of us. In the same fashion was Lady Colin's bonnet of shot-green velvet, with high open brim and large round crown, trimmed at the front with shot-green ostrich feathers and a black plumed bird.

The Grosvenor pictures, "a century of British art," form one of the most interesting collections ever brought together; that is to say, to English people. It is a curious fact that the century selected, the one preceding the accession of Queen Victoria, really includes everything notable in the record of the art-work of Great Britain, excepting, of course, the painters who belong to the present era. Until the eighteenth century was well on its way, British-born men had not produced any art-work worthy of mention. The English Court portrait-painters even—Holbein for Henry VIII., Zuccheri for Elizabeth, Vandyke for Charles I., Lely for Charles II., and Kneller for the next succeeding generation—one and all were foreigners. Hardly a portrait of a great Englishman who lived earlier than the accession of George III. is preserved to us through the brush of a fellow-countryman. Even more emphatically must the same be stated about art as a whole. No British painter appeared to compete in their own age with Raphael or Rembrandt, with Salvator Rosa or Claude, with Velasquez or Murillo, with Gerard Dow or Jan Steen, with Hobbema, or Teniers, or Rubens, or Titian. In short, up to some time like a hundred and fifty years ago it might well have been deemed a clear and unquestionable and settled fact that natives of Great Britain were incapable of accomplishing any great work of art. But surely it is not patriotic partiality to claim that through all future ages the students of art must include amongst the masterpieces of the whole world's achievements the works of not only two or three but many British artists.

Now to reveal my object! Young gentlemen in debating societies frequently, and older ones who should know better occasionally, are found gauging the capacity of women for future achievements in every branch of art by precisely that test which is hereby shown to be so fallacious—the test of past accomplishment. "Where," cry these shallow reasoners, "is there a female artist to place near Raphael? where a female musician to rank with Beethoven?" and so on. A detailed examination of the peculiar conditions in all previous ages of the existence of the sex as a whole, supplies sufficient ground, other than that of intellectual inferiority, for understanding why women have not excelled in these directions.

It is peculiarly pleasant to record any sign of progress amongst the women of the East. The Parsees are neither in religion nor in social customs so backward as the Hindoos and the Mohammedans. One of the daughters of that progressive and cultured community has just achieved a distinction as a student worthy to be compared with that of Miss Ramsay at Cambridge. Miss Sorabji has graduated at the Bombay University, taking a first-class degree—a high honour to which only five of the male candidates at the same examination attained. In 1885, also, this young lady was at the head of her year's class in English, carrying off from many male competitors the Havelock prize and the Hurlingham Scholarship.

F. F.-M.

MUSIC.

The past year closed, on the afternoon of the last day thereof, with one of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall, which was filled by an appreciative holiday audience. The vocal programme was effectively rendered by Misses Eleanor Rees, Mary Davies, and A. Whitacre; Mesdames Trebelli and Sterling; Mr. O. Harley, Mr. Santley, and Mr. B. Foote. Among the specialties were Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Let me dream again" and Malder's "Staccato Polka" (by Miss Whitacre), and Miss Allitts's spirited song, "When the boys come home" (by Mr. B. Foote). Violin solos by Madame Norman-Néruda, and part-songs by the London Ballad Concert Choir, completed a varied programme.

The new musical year was ushered in impressively by a fine performance of "The Messiah," at the Royal Albert Hall, on Jan. 2. The sublime choruses of Handel's great "Christus" oratorio were grandly rendered by the vast choir directed by Mr. Barnby and specially associated with the Albert Hall. The solo vocalists were Madame Albani, Mrs. Belle Cole, Mr. C. Banks (in lieu of Mr. E. Lloyd, indisposed), and Signor Foli.

The next concert of importance was the seventh of the series of "London Symphony Concerts," conducted by Mr. Henschel, at St. James's Hall, to which we must recur next week. Musical activity will soon begin gradually to revive. The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall are on the point of continuing their thirtieth season—after the usual brief Christmas interval. The resumption of the afternoon performances is announced for Jan. 7, that of the Monday evening concerts for Jan. 9.

The National Society of Professional Musicians has held its annual conference in London. A reception was appointed for Tuesday evening, Jan. 3, at the Salisbury Hotel; meetings having been arranged to take place, on the following day at the hall of the Drapers' Company, and on the next two days at the hall of the Painters' Company, where, on Friday afternoon, Jan. 6, an interesting lecture on the History of the Pianoforte—with illustrations—was to be given by Mr. A. J. Hipkins. On the evenings of Jan. 4 and 5 concerts were organised at Prince's Hall, the programme on the earlier occasion consisting of unpublished works by members of the society; that of the other date being drawn from published works of members. A banquet at the Salisbury Hotel, on the evening of Jan. 6, winds up the proceedings of the society, the progress of which appears to be of a satisfactory nature.

The eighth of Mr. Henschel's Symphony Concerts will be given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10. On Jan. 16 M. De Pachmann will give an afternoon pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall; M. Gustav Prideau beginning a series of recitals of Schumann's pianoforte music at Prince's Hall on the afternoon of Jan. 17. On the afternoon of the following day, the ninth London Symphony Concert will take place; and, in the evening, Mr. John Boosey's second Ballad Concert of the new year—both at St. James's Hall. On Jan. 19 (in the same building) the Sacred Harmonic Society will perform Rossini's "Moses in Egypt"; and, at the same time, Berlioz's "Faust" music will be given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society in the great Kensington building. Other performances will be given, by institutions already mentioned, during the remainder of January. With February still further progress will be made in musical activity; among other important features being the resumption of the series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace.

The Popular Musical Union, directed by Mr. W. H. Thomas, gave a concert of sacred music at the Townhall, Brompton, on New-Year's Eve. The object of the institution is to render music accessible, at small cost, to the East-End populace. Classes for singing and violin-playing have been formed in the locality, at an almost nominal cost, and there is good promise of sound and healthy development of musical taste in the eastern district of the metropolis.

Mr. George J. Venables—well known in connection with the Tonic Sol-fa system of musical instruction, and who, with his brother, Mr. Leonard C. Venables, founded the South London Institute of Music—died recently in his forty-third year.

Another recent death was that of Herr Carl Stepan, a bass singer who attained eminence in Germany, and also appeared with success in this country on the stage and in concerts.

A WOODLAND LOCH.

Haste, Maggie, bring your shining skates,
Busk on your dainty shoes!
The frost is hard, the ice is keen,
The sun leans red at noon.

The swallow's brood has flown away
To skim the shining Nile;
The blackbird and the lark are dead,
Or silent for a while.

The frost has fretted every pane;
Hoar whitens every spray;
And hark how loud the laughter rings
Along the ice to-day!

Last night the merry minstrelsie
Sent waltzers through the hall,
Beneath the cunning mistletoe,
And holly on the wall.

But now the grand piano's closed,
The loud trombone is dumb;
The fiddles in their coffins lie,
The clarionet's gone home.

Deep hid amid the frosted woods
Th' enchanted lakelet lies;
The rowans there are red as lips,
The sloes as black as eyes.

There half the joyous company
That led the dance last night
Have bound bright winglets to their feet,
And, mated, taken flight.

Dew glistens on the ruddy lip
The roan ne'er can know;
Glad light shines in the downcast eye
That comes not to the sloe.

A scarlet flush comes to the cheek,
A lily to the brow;
And thoughts that last night feared to speak
Have burst their fetters now.

And hand in hand as we pursue
The missing Muse's art,
Though Winter's in the frosty sky
There's Summer in my heart.

GEO. EYRE-TODD.

A Proclamation has appeared in the *Gazette* proroguing Parliament until Thursday, Feb. 9, when it will meet for the dispatch of business. The convocations of Canterbury and York are prorogued until Feb. 10.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY: THE COSSACKS.

A peculiar feature of the Russian Army is the force of irregular, or Cossack, cavalry and artillery. The Don Cossacks are the most important of all the Cossack tribes serving under the Russian standard; and the arms, uniform, and equipment of the other tribes, except the Cossacks of the Caucasus, only differ in detail from those of the Don Cossacks. This great tribe has colonised the whole of the steppe country on the river Don, and, from the highest to the lowest, they hold their lands on military tenure. The troopers have to find their own horses, but the officers have extra allowances made them for this purpose. The rule of military service is absolute; no substitutes are allowed, the only persons exempt being priests, physicians, and teachers. There are about eighty thousand Don Cossacks settled in the villages of the Don, and not only do they furnish a large proportion of the cavalry, but also the batteries of Cossack artillery.

In the Russian Army there are twenty-eight batteries of horse artillery, and of these seven are Don Cossack batteries, though there is really no difference but in name between the regular and the Cossack batteries. The guns are shorter and lighter than those of a light field battery; and the horse artillery is so organised that every battalion of cavalry has a battery of horse artillery attached to it, in addition to the battery of field artillery. The seven batteries of the Don Cossacks go with certain divisions of the cavalry, and with their corresponding batteries of the regular artillery. The other Cossack batteries are attached to the regiments of the cavalry of the Caucasus. Six guns go to a battery, and in the Cossack artillery both officers and men ride their own horses.

The Cossacks have not, like the other Russian cavalry, been converted into dragoons by the recent changes, but have retained their old organisation. They are not intended to engage with regular cavalry, but to harass the enemy, and to cut off stragglers on the march or in retreat. They carry the Berdan rifle in a sheepskin case; but their sword is not well fitted for defence, as it has no guard, and resembles more a huge knife than a cavalry sabre. Though a most useful force, there is nothing analogous to the Cossacks in any European army, except the Bashi-Bazouks of Turkey.

TURKISH ARTILLERY TRIAL OF NITRO-GELATINE SHELLS.

An important series of experiments with artillery discharging nitro-glycerine or nitro-gelatine shells took place about a month ago, under the direction of the War Department of the Turkish Government, at Agha Deressi, opposite Tchansk Kaleh, on the shores of the Dardanelles. The invention of Mr. F. H. A. Snyder, of New York, a system of throwing high explosives from ordinary guns, was put to the trial at Washington, with a range of about one mile across the river Potomac, and with satisfactory results. The trial of this invention in Turkey seems to have been not less successful. The piece of field-artillery employed was a breech-loading rifled howitzer, of fifteen centimetres diameter; the target, erected at a distance of 200 metres, was composed of twelve steel plates, each an inch thick, welded together, backed with oaken beams 12 in. by 14 in. thick; it was 4 ft. 6 in. high, 14 ft. 6 in. wide, and weighed altogether over 20 ton, including the massive frame of supporting beams in the rear. A single dynamite shell, exploding in this target, completely destroyed it, overthrowing it and knocking it to pieces. Ten shells were discharged from the same howitzer, which was not injured in the least degree. Mr. Snyder affirms that his shells can be used with guns of any kind, long or short, smooth-bore or rifled. The shell was charged with 10 lb. of Mr. Snyder's explosive, consisting of 94 per cent nitro-glycerine, and 6 per cent of a compound of collodion, gun-cotton, camphor, and ether. This is said to be much less liable to dangerous accidents than either ordinary dynamite or gun-cotton, as it will not explode from simple contact with fire. It explodes by mere percussion against a hard and solid body, such as the armour-plating of a war-ship, and would do so even without a percussion capsule. Premature explosion before leaving the gun seems to be prevented. The experiments were personally superintended by General Asif Pasha, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, who has reported on them to the Turkish Minister of War. Photographs of the target, and of the howitzer, the officers and artillerymen, the bomb-proof shelter and magazine, were taken on the spot. We understand that the proportion of nitro-glycerine in ordinary dynamite is not above 75 per cent, and that it is much less powerful, and more liable to accidents, than Mr. Snyder's "nitro-gelatine." The French Army has been making experiments with "melanite" shells, and the Germans with "roburite."

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES IN 1887.

Splendid service was rendered in the saving of life during the past year by the gallant coxswains and crews of the life-boats of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, resulting in the rescue of 368 persons from what in most cases would, but for the timely aid given, have proved a watery grave. Ten vessels were also saved by the life-boats from total destruction or were helped by them into a haven of safety. Besides launches resulting in the saving of life, the life-boats put to sea eighty-nine times in reply to signals of distress only to find either that their aid was not really required or that the signals had been made in error or improperly. In the year the society gave rewards for the saving of 264 lives by means of shore-boats, fishing-boats, and other means, so that the institution was instrumental in rescuing a grand total of 572 lives during 1887, bringing up the number of lives it has saved since its foundation to 33,243. The committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution are making an urgent and special appeal to the British public for funds to enable them to replace a considerable number of their 291 life-boats now on the coast by boats of the newest type, and possessing the latest improvements. They have already been compelled, in furtherance of this project, to draw on the institution's capital to the extent of nearly £18,000.

The Government of New South Wales has granted to the Anglo-Australian Society of Artists a room in the National Art Gallery, Sydney, for the purpose of holding an exhibition of pictures.

Reports from the leading centres of industry in the country with regard to the general condition of trade, especially the prospects of a more active demand for work of all kinds during the coming year, are, on the whole, of a reassuring, and in some instances of a highly favourable, character.

Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas), during her leisure from public engagements, teaches reading and elocution to ladies, clergymen, barristers, and singers. She has resumed her classes at her residence, 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, W., for all-round readings from Shakspeare, speaking in song, and elocution. Private class, Tuesdays and Fridays; professional class, Thursdays; evening class, Thursdays. Miss Glyn also gives private readings from Shakspeare.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THE ENGLISH PICTURES.

It is to be hoped that the reduced number of pictures exhibited this winter at Burlington House indicates no slackening of that liberality of which the owners of private collections have, during the past eighteen years, given so many proofs. Possibly the committee of the Royal Academy, to which the management of the Winter Exhibition is committed, may have thought that in this Jubilee year the public had had a surfeit of pictures, ancient and modern, and would gladly learn something of a phase of art less familiar to the majority. If this be so, we have little cause for complaint or regret; for, although the collection of Italian bronzes, medals, and sculpture is far from being exhaustive even of the Renaissance period, it nevertheless familiarises us with some of the choicest productions of that epoch. It is, however, to the pictures alone that we confine our remarks on this occasion—and before passing them in review, we feel it our duty to commend the sensible way in which, almost for the first time, the pictures have been arranged, and, we might add, selected. The first room, reserved as usual to pictures of the English school, offers this year an admirable opportunity of studying our national portrait-painters at their best. The other pictures in this room are, with few exceptions, subsidiary in interest to the portraits, amongst which are to be found, in addition to those of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and others equally known, a number of remarkably interesting works by artists comparatively seldom mentioned—such as Briggs, Good, and Abbott. The second room, as in previous years, is wholly given up to artists of the Dutch and Flemish schools; whilst in the large gallery two walls are devoted exclusively to works of English masters, a third to Spanish, French, and Italian, and the remaining one to Vandyck, Rubens, and Franz Hals.

Returning to the first room, we find little difficulty in awarding the first prize to Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Henry Fane (27), a half-length seated figure in a black dress trimmed with lace. The face, which is slightly in profile, is of exquisite sweetness and refinement, and the pose, at once so simple and so graceful, bears witness to one of those moments of happy inspiration when Gainsborough could outstrip the most laboured efforts of his great rival. On either side of this chef d'œuvre are two eminently characteristic portraits by Romney at his best—Mrs. Ross (26) and Mrs. Child (30). The first-named lady, who was the daughter of Sir Robert Gunning, our Minister at St. Petersburg at the close of the last century, was consequently related, although not very closely, to the "beautiful Gunning" whom Reynolds painted and Walpole has rendered famous. Mrs. Child, afterwards Lady Ducie, was the daughter of Mr. Paul Jodrell, on whose wife's portrait Reynolds—to whom she had been more than once a sitter—tried some of his remarkable experiments in varnish and pigments. Miss Sarah Jodrell, who successively married Mr. Robert Child, the head of the great banking firm, and Lord Ducie, inherited her mother's beauty; which her powdered hair and white gauze scarf set off to the best advantage. In the third room there are the portraits, also by Romney, of this Mr. Robert Child (117), and his only daughter, who became Countess of Westmorland (118), and inherited the whole of her father's enormous wealth; which, following the female line, passed to her eldest daughter, who married, in 1804, George, the fifth Earl of Jersey. Romney seems to have had a sort of general commission to paint the whole family, but he succeeded best with the lady members, the figure of Lady Westmorland, in her white dress, leaning against a pedestal, being especially graceful. Her husband, who, amongst other offices, held the difficult post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1789 to 1795, is also to be found here (122) in scarlet coat and white breeches—a much younger man than when, in 1807, he was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence. To this last-named artist is, however, attributed a prettily arranged group of the daughters of "Colonel Carteret Hardy" (21), but it is difficult to identify the picture with any of the artist's recognised works. Lawrence's style was so "loose" that it would be dangerous to assert that this specimen did not come from his easel. At any rate, it was not exhibited by him during his lifetime, nor was it included in the collection of his works brought together at the British Institution immediately after his decease. It is, however, waste of time to discuss the authenticity of Lawrence's work when there are to be seen close by undoubted specimens of far greater men. The two portraits by Hogarth—Michael Rysbrack (8), the Flemish sculptor, whose heavy works encumber so much space in Westminster Abbey, and Sir Charles Kemeys-Lynte (28), the Somersetshire squire—belong to the simple and direct school of portrait painting, of which Hogarth was the founder in this country. They do not aim at being graceful or imposing, but they suggest good likenesses, and are typically distinctive. Hogarth, perhaps, was more at his ease in such a work as the Porten family (45), which is in every sense a "conversation piece," such as the Dutchmen of the school of Polamedes and Dirk Hals loved to paint. Here, too, we get an insight into the habits of our forefathers and great grandmothers, who thought it no evil to drink tea, play cards, and talk scandal in broad daylight. Amongst the dozen full-length figures with which the canvas is filled, the only one who has obtained reflected fame is the one on the extreme right, Miss Judith Porter, who afterwards became the mother of Gibbon the historian. The contrast between this homely scene and the stateliness of Reynolds' "Marlborough Family" (120) is most striking, and we can mark by it the strides which English art had made from the level of its Dutch antecedents towards the nobler and grandiose aims of the Italian school. It is easy to see that Reynolds in painting this group had Paul Veronese in his mind, and he has tried to give to his figures and their somewhat stiff and conventional costume the flowing lines as well as the rich colouring of the great Italian. Unfortunately time, playing havoc with the artist's theories of pigments and varnish, has done much to lessen the brilliancy of this composition. In other respects it will bear comparison with some of the most successful groups of Reynolds' predecessors, and is peculiarly illustrative of his power in composing a great work. The little episode of Lady Charlotte Churchill spreading childish terror by means of a grotesque mask, and the recognition of the Duke's patronage of art by representing him with a cameo in his hand, his eldest son holding the case, are thrown in to relieve the stateliness of the group, and, as it were, to connect its members with the acts of daily life. But we must not linger longer on these English portraits, much as we are tempted to do so by Gainsborough's portrait of "Good" Queen Charlotte (153), George III.'s wife, who sat to this artist soon after her coming to this country in 1761. Nor on the two portraits of Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork—one taken of her by Reynolds in her youth (155), and the other, in later life (43), by H. Perronet Briggs, R.A., a connection of Opie, whose manner he followed with considerable success. Although this Lady Cork is not identical with her Ladyship of whom it is related that she prematurely brought her life to a close by falling from a cherry-tree, into which she had climbed, at the age of 110 years, yet both these portraits convey the idea of a person full of humour and fun. In spite, too, of Madame Darblay's somewhat depreciatory

remark, Reynolds's portrait represents Lord Galway's daughter as possessing many attractions, and thoroughly realises Boswell's remark concerning the "lively Miss Monckton, who always managed to have the finest bit of blue at her parties." Amongst the other works of this sort to be noticed are: Sir James Raeburn's portrait of his wife (13); Romney's Mrs. Raikes (35) and Miss Law (46); Reynolds's Sir William Hamilton (23), more easily recognisable, perhaps, as "Lady Hamilton's husband"; Beechey's manly treatment of Paul Sandby (22), the "father of English water-colour painting"; and, above all, two little heads, an old woman (32) and an old woman and an old man (47), by a little-known artist, Thomas Sword Good, who died only a few years ago, and who, in spite of his "Newspaper" and other works, now to be seen at South Kensington, is but little remembered. His career was an interesting one: for, beginning life as a house-painter at Berwick-on-Tweed, he ultimately displayed his talent on very small canvas, but throwing into his carefully-finished figures a surprising amount of expression.

Amongst the English landscape painters to whom special honour is shown in the present exhibition, Wilson and Constable occupy the foremost place. In looking at their respective works, so absolutely opposed in aim and treatment, it is difficult at first sight to understand how these two English artists are alike credited with revolutionising French landscape painting. The reason is that both painters looked to Nature as their best instructor, and Wilson's "classical" landscapes, whilst attracting one side of French taste, awoke in it an appreciation of atmospheric truth and beauty which the school of Watteau and his degenerate followers had altogether obscured. In English eyes, however, Wilson is the connecting link between Claude and Turner, and we trace the transition when comparing, as we are enabled to in this exhibition, the "Enchanted Castle" (138) and "The Evening" (7) of the latter. Between these, such works as Wilson's "Vale of Llangollen" (158 and 152) naturally interpose themselves, and we are no longer at a loss to realise his influence upon men who were all more or less under the fascination of Rousseau's teaching. In this country Wilson had to wait long for recognition; for, although he was elected a member of the Royal Academy, his pictures were practically unsaleable, and for many years after his death could be purchased for a few pounds. These two works, which depict the scenery with which he was most familiar, were hung side by side in the first exhibition (1771) held by the Royal Academy in the rooms of old Somerset House, just assigned to that body by George III. In these Welsh landscapes, as in his Italian scenes, Wilson has depicted a tranquil, far-stretching scene, with classic buildings more or less conventionally disposed to give interest to the landscape. The colour is always sober and the drawing carefully correct; but the real interest lies in the management of the light, and sense of wide distance and open air which he conveys. When we recollect that his place, in point of time, is between Hogarth and Gainsborough, it is not surprising to find that the patrons of those artists cared little for classical work. In Turner's "Narcissus and Echo" (11), and again in his "Evening" (7), both of which come from the Petworth Gallery, we trace the influence of Wilson; but Turner realised, perhaps more thoroughly than any of his contemporaries, that the chief use of the old masters is to study them and to forget them. It was this reliance upon his own powers and resources which enabled him to produce such works as "Linthgow" (37) and "Ivy Bridge" (41). In the former the light haze which covers the scene adds importance as well as beauty to the old palace, in the arrangement of which the artist has, as usual, taken many liberties with the original. The latter, which is one of his most delightful reminiscences of Devonshire scenery, owes its special charm to the masterly arrangement of rock and foliage, on which the light plays in every variety of tone. This picture originally belonged to Mr. Bicknell, who purchased it from the artist for 275 gs., and when sold in 1863 it realised £924. The specimen of Constable's work, "Brighton" (48), although falling short of some to which we shall have occasion to refer when speaking of the Grosvenor Gallery, fulfils most of those conditions which the painter set himself to establish by his art. The rush of the waves up the shingly beach is not less truthfully rendered than the clear, although grey, tints of the April sky; and the white cliffs which fringe the distance are neither exaggerated nor neglected. The well-balanced temperament of Constable enabled him to see nature truthfully; and although one does not in his work feel the movement of the wind, or hear it rustling among the trees, as in David Cox's work, he conveys with force and expression the movement of clouds and water. Close by there hangs one of Sir A. W. Callcott's luminous sea-pieces (44), in which everything is neat and so well arranged that, were a slice to be taken from any part of the canvas, it would still seem a complete work. Its merit lies in its aerial effects, which he obtained from a study not of nature, but of the works of others. Among the remaining English works should be mentioned Sir Benjamin West's "Battle of La Hogue" (154) and "The Death of Wolfe" (156), both well known by Woollett's admirable engravings, and the latter by a slightly different rendering in the collection at Hampton Court. West's principal claim to recognition rests upon his determination to treat modern heroic subjects in a modern spirit, and to him we owe the final overthrow of "the Greeks and the Romans" in the domain of grand art. Sir David Wilkie carried this love of truth further, and in "The China Menders" (15) we have a perfectly simple everyday scene treated with dignity as well as humour. Mr. Francis Wheatley's "Review" (1) is perhaps noteworthy as evidence upon what slight pretences admission to the Royal Academy could at times be obtained. In the picture here exhibited there is, for example, the figure of a lady, in a blue dress and white hat, who is neither inside her carriage nor outside of it, neither seated nor standing, and, nevertheless, her proportions are very far from those of a disembodied spirit.

Mr. Leopold De Rothschild has returned 30 per cent of the rents due from the tenants on his Buckinghamshire estates for the half-year ended Michaelmas last. This is the third half-year in which the remission has been extended to 30 per cent.

At the Edinburgh Castle Mission House, Rhodeswell-road, Limehouse, on Thursday, Jan. 5, the annual supper to street children was given in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children. About two thousand waifs and strays were assembled; and from their number the most destitute will be admitted at once to the permanent shelter of the homes with a view to their eventual emigration.

A dramatic performance in aid of the Nursing Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, will be given at Cromwell House on Jan. 18 and 19 by permission of Lady Freake. Miss Freake will appear in "Cupid's Messenger"; and the Hon. Lady Cadogan, Mrs. J. H. S. Craigue, Mrs. Reginald W. Craigue, Miss Freake, Miss Craigue, Miss L. Vesey-Fitzgerald, the Earl of Cottenham, Major Dove Haly, Mr. Reginald W. Craigue, and Mr. G. Vesey-Fitzgerald will appear in "A Scrap of Paper." Tickets, price half-a-guinea, may be obtained from Mr. J. Vesey-Fitzgerald, jun., at 3, Philbeach-gardens, South Kensington; and at Harding's, 45, Piccadilly.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

We do not propose on the present occasion to do more than describe in general terms the scope of this year's exhibition. The publicity given to the recent changes in the management of a gallery which for a dozen years had occupied so prominent a position will naturally arouse curiosity as to the success of the new régime. Sir Coutts Lindsay has been a generous patron of art, and the list of those who contribute to the present exhibition, shows conclusively that his efforts are not unappreciated by his friends and brother-patrons; and we confidently anticipate that the public will also recognise its duties towards its benefactor.

The present exhibition is intended to illustrate a century of British art from 1737 to 1837—in other words, it serves as an introduction to the history of Victorian art which was to be studied in the magnificent display at Manchester last year. The period extends, therefore, from the dawn of British art as an indigenous growth, from Hogarth to John Linnell, and comprises the history of the rise and fall of more than one art movement. At the very outset we are, however, forced to express our regret that the old traditions of hanging have been adopted by the new managers, and that, as before, every consideration is made subordinate to the "picturesque." If ever there was an occasion when chronological sequence would have been a boon to the student, of whatever rank he might be, it would be in an exhibition expressly intended to illustrate a century of the national work. Sir Coutts Lindsay, indeed, has himself recognised the merits of this plan in assigning one wall to the exhibition of Hogarth's works, of which he has managed to bring together five-and-twenty specimens. It might perhaps be urged, on the other hand, that the dangers of such *rapprochement* were never more obvious, inasmuch as three out of these twenty-five pictures purport to be portraits of Mrs. "Peg" Woffington, the celebrated actress. If that be so, it is destructive to any claim Hogarth's friends may set up for him as a likeness-taker. It is not within the bounds of possibility that Lord Lansdowne's claimant (26) can by any process be identified with Sir Charles Tennant (34); whilst the variation lent by Mr. F. B. Henson (33) differs from both, although by some stretch of imagination it might be connected, by the help of restorers and others, with Lord Lansdowne's copy. Whether the sprightly actress ever sat for either of these pictures is, perhaps, a subject for speculation; and it would not surprise us to find, at the close of the controversy their contending merits will arouse, that the most trustworthy likeness of Mistress Peg is to be found in the wife, in the "Distressed Poet" (29), who is mending her husband's breeches in the bare garret, and vainly attempting to pacify the milkmaid who has clambered up many flights of stairs to obtain payment of her score.

Besides Hogarth—of whose works her Majesty lends, from Buckingham Palace, the portraits of Garrick and his wife (27) and "The Mall, St. James's Park" (32)—we notice with satisfaction that R. P. Bonington, who has been more esteemed in France than in his own country, is represented by more than a dozen works; Constable by thirty-three; the elder Crome by twenty-one; George Morland by twenty-eight; Gainsborough by twenty; Reynolds by ten; Romney, Turner, and Sir David Wilkie each by a dozen, and R. Wilson by no less than fifteen. Notwithstanding the presence of these great stars in such force, the lesser luminaries have not been omitted, and we find upon the walls specimens of Blake, Haydon, Sir Thomas Lawrence, John Varley, Conway, Opie, Stothard, George Vincent, Ety, Cotman, Fielding, Ibbetson, Landseer, and a host of others, many of whom well deserve to be rescued from the partial or complete oblivion into which they have fallen. Of course, amongst three hundred and fifty pictures, all of which come more or less upon their possessors' certificates of authenticity, there must be a few of which the ascribed authorship is open to considerable doubt. Amongst such we should be disposed to place the sea-piece, "Off Ecclesbourne" (4), ascribed to J. S. Cotman; but which is singularly unlike in line and treatment that artist's recognised work. The "Early Morning" (9), assigned to Turner, is another curious work; but it is not perhaps open to so much doubt as the "Hadleigh Castle" (7) of which Constable is said to have been so "grievously nervous" when it was sent to the Academy in 1829. He would, and with reason, have had cause to expect "rough usage from the critics" if he had been represented by this identical canvas. We should like to have learnt more of Gainsborough's portrait of "one of his own daughters" (16), as we fail to trace the likeness between this lady in powdered hair and either of those whose acquaintance we made in this same gallery a few years ago. We must leave Mr. Woolner (40) and Sir John Neeld (161) to decide between the rival claims to their respective treatments of Dedham Vale, but it is curious to remark that the description taken from Leslie's "Memoirs of Constable" applies far more accurately to Sir John Neeld's version than to that to which it is attached in the catalogue. We should, moreover, be glad to know on what ground the catalogue describes as a portrait of Charles Dibdin (177), by Opie, a picture which, if we are not mistaken, was for a long time known as "A Musical Composer," and has only been accepted as Opie's work with considerable reservation. There is, however, one unmistakably genuine work by Opie, "The Schoolmistress" (171), which, when exhibited in 1784 under the name of "The School," first brought the artist into notice. It represents a dame's school, such as Opie may have seen in his early days in Devon or Cornwall—five boys huddled round an old woman, who is struggling to overcome their inattention, and to drive into their heads some rudiments of learning. The price Opie obtained for it is not upon record; but in 1823 Mr. Watson Taylor bought it for 90 guineas, and when it changed hands at the sale of the Nam Gallery in 1875 it was purchased by Lord Overstone for 750 guineas—the highest price ever paid for a picture by Opie. It has now passed with the rest of Lord Overstone's pictures to Lord Wantage, who has shown himself a liberal supporter of both this exhibition and that at Burlington House.

The Prime Minister has forwarded to the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, a cheque for £100, in aid of the fund for the unemployed.

The Victoria Institute held the first meeting for the year on Jan. 2, when a paper by Professor Duns, F.R.S.E., of Edinburgh, was read. In it the author sought to review the theories of natural selection and design, and specially referred to Darwin's views, and expressed regret that the caution he exercised was not more generally manifested by some of his followers. Before the meeting concluded several new home and foreign members were elected.

The personality of the late Mr. Robert Campbell, of Buscot Park, Berks, who died on Oct. 15 at Brighton, aged seventy-six years, and was an Australian merchant, has been valued for probate at £617,818.—Probate has been granted to the will of James Grierson, late of Holland-villas-road, Kensington, who died at Bridge House, Marlow, on Oct. 7 last, aged fifty years, and was the general manager of the Great Western Railway. The value of the personal estate is declared at £90,229.



COSSACK ARTILLERY.



COSSACK OUTLOOK ON THE PRUTH.



OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH: ENGAGEMENT WITH DACOITS AT CHINBYIT.
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Lord Coleridge's discourse at Exeter on the late Lord Idlesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote) is added to the memorials of that estimable man already in print. "Pictures at Sea" cannot fail to satisfy the mind's eye, as the painter is Mr. W. Clark Russell: they are splendid effects of light and atmosphere. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has a very good claim to critical authority on the qualities of "Dr. Johnson's Style." The conservation of forests, the planting and tending of trees, is a matter of great economical importance to North Britain and Ireland, and to some of the British colonies; Mr. G. Cadell, of the Indian Forest Department, writes on this matter. The current story is "Chris," by Mr. W. E. Norris. Elephant-hunting in Ceylon is described.

Blackwood's Magazine.—A learned and acute investigator of Scottish history, Mr. John Skelton, discusses the relations between Queen Mary Stuart and John Knox and Maitland of Lethington. M. Charles Yriarte continues his examination of the career of Caesar Borgia. Mrs. Oliphant's tale of "Joyce" is still going on. "The Withered Arm," and "Such Pity as a Father Hath," are shorter stories. Sir Theodore Martin translates a German poem.

Murray's Magazine.—Two useful articles, full of precise information, are those furnished by Mr. W. M. Acworth, on the working arrangements of the London and North-Western Railway, beginning with the great establishment at Crewe; and by Colonel R. Bruce, R.E., on the organisation of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Mr. Thomas Hardy and "Lucas Malet" have stories in hand: "The Waiting Supper," and "A Counsel of Perfection."

Longman's Magazine.—Mr. William Archer begins a critical discussion of the resources and artistic principles of acting, with an analysis of some dramatic characters and scenes at the theatres. One of the minor curiosities of literature, which the French call "coquilles" and the English call "misprints," is the subject of an amusing paper by Mr. Augustus Manston. The relief of the unemployed and distressed people at the London Docks, by distributing food from the "Donna" truck, is described by Miss Trench and by the editor of this magazine. "One Traveller Returns" is ended.

Belgravia.—Here is the end of "The Frozen Pirate"; the beginning of "Under-Currents," by the author of "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn"; likewise the first chapters of "The Blackhall Ghosts," by Miss Sarah Tytler; and five short stories, which are startling, queer, and amusing.

Cornhill.—"A Life's Morning" commenced this month, is a new story by Mr. George Gissing, the author of "Demos" and "Thyrza." Articles on "Evolution," "Our Small Ignorances," and "Gretia Green," some natural history notes in Kent and Surrey, a narrative of the alleged murder, in 1816, of President Keller at Lucerne, and one or two short tales, make up the other contents.

Gentleman's Magazine.—Among the subjects treated by different writers are the murder of the Emperor Alexander II. by the Nihilists at St. Petersburg; the personal history of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and his connections, with the information obtained from documents recently examined; the German lady novelist, E. Marlitt; John Hookham Frere, a notable wit and scholar of the last generation; and the Greek isle of Samothrace.

Temple Bar.—A new story, "From Moor Isles," is begun by Miss Jessie Fothergill. The characters of two past Bishops of Manchester, Dr. James Prince Lee and Dr. James Fraser, are portrayed and compared by the Rev. G. Huntingdon. "The Rose Lily," an American story, by Miss Fanny Kemble, and "The Rogue," by Mr. W. E. Norris, with the continuation of "Loyalty George," are presented to lovers of fiction; also, "Souvenirs of an Egotist."

English Illustrated Magazine.—An agreeable description of Antwerp, by Mrs. Macquoid, and that of the old Exeter road, in "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," are illustrated by many engravings, the latter from drawings by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson. Miss Linda Villari writes vividly and invitingly of the scenery about San Martino di Castrozza, in the Italian Tyrol. The historical romance of Wickliffe's times, "Ralph Hardelet," is continued by Professor W. Minto; and Mrs. Molesworth proceeds with "That Girl in Black."

The Magazine of Art for January opens with a paper by our great art critic, Professor Ruskin, entitled "The Black Arts: a Reverie in the Strand." The black arts, of course, are the arts of drawing in black-and-white, etching, engraving, &c., and photography; and Mr. Ruskin, although expressing his admiration for the wonderful power and finish now to be found in such work, cannot conceal his feeling of weariness in the midst of so much darkness and want of colour. Three illustrations from drawings by the Professor himself add another interest to the paper. "Modern Life in Modern Art," by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, is the substance of a lecture delivered by him on several occasions in England and America, and is an eloquent defence of imaginative realism in modern art. Mr. Richard Heath's able article on Napoleon's portraits, made doubly valuable by the engravings which accompany it, and Mr. Edward Brewtnall's "Notes by an Artist Living in the Country," with its many charming illustrations, help to bring in the new year of the *Magazine of Art* with much success and promise for the future.

The frontispiece to the January number of the *Art Journal* is a fine etching of Mr. Orchardson's celebrated picture "Hard Hit," which, it will be remembered, represents three gamblers whose victim, "hard hit," has flung the cards upon the floor, and is leaving the scene of his disaster. Georgian furniture and costume have always been after the painter's own heart, and in this picture Mr. Orchardson has seized upon all that is most picturesque and beautiful in them. "The Seine as a Painting Ground," by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, will prove an introduction for many people to a hitherto unpainted although picturesque locality. Artists and art-students cannot fail to be interested in the description of the Royal Academy Schools by Mr. F. G. Stephens; and the reproductions of drawings by some of the students hold out strong hopes for the future of the schools and of English art. An article on "Gray's Inn," and one on Barye, the French sculptor, help to complete an excellent number of this old-established and favourite journal.

The Woman's World.—Lady Wilde, long since known as a Dublin poetess, contributes a blank verse poem of considerable strength and grace on "Historic Women." Lady Constance Howard describes Kirby Hall, in Northamptonshire, the home of Sir Christopher Hatton. "Medicine as a Profession for Women" is explained by Dr. Mary Marshall, M.D. There is a memoir of Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax." A Girton graduate writes on the performances of Greek plays at the Universities. An account is given of Alexandra College, Dublin. The ladies' dress fashions are carefully noticed. The illustrations are many and good.

Atalanta.—Stories by Mrs. Molesworth, John Strange Winter, and L. T. Meade enliven this journal for educated girlhood. Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray) supplies a memoir of Jane Austen and a critical estimate of her works. This magazine, too, is adorned with some highly-finished engravings.

Time.—Under the editorship of Mr. Walter Sichel, *Time* is greatly improved. He comments on Thackeray's letters in a congenial and engaging spirit. Professor Edward Caird's discourse to the Ethical Society, on Carlyle and Socialism, is an elegant and impressive academical lecture. The Rev. H. S. Fagan descants on the *Odipus* performance at Cambridge. The article by Mrs. Vanderbilt, on medical employment for ladies, supplies exact particulars of the way to study and qualify for the callings of lady doctor, physician or surgeon, lady chemist and druggist, and lady nurse, or in the special departments of midwifery, monthly nursing, and attending the insane, with the cost of learning and training, and the ordinary remuneration.

Argosy.—Another story by the late Mrs. Henry Wood, "The Story of Charles Strange," is commenced in this number of the *Argosy*, which also contains further "Letters from Majorca," and several brief tales, with a memoir of the late Sir George Macfarren.

Harper's Monthly.—An article on the ecclesiastical legend of the Magi at Bethlehem leads up to a description of the picture, by J. Lafarge, in the Church of the Incarnation at New York. The merits of contemporary French sculptors are set forth by Mr. Theodore Child. Archdeacon Farrar points out, in Westminster Abbey, the monuments of persons more or less associated with America by some incidents of their lives or works. A story by Mr. William Black, "In Far Lochaber," is commenced. The Italian Chamber of Deputies is illustrated by portraits and memoirs of its leading members.

The Century.—The frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. Ruskin; and his friend and former disciple, Mr. W. J. Stillman, writes of Mr. Ruskin's defects and errors, as a student of art and nature, and of the rhetorical exaggeration in his style, with an unsparring candour that amounts to severity, but does homage to his pure and lofty moral aspirations. "The Catacombs of Rome" present an interesting subject, treated by Mr. Philip Schaff with much antiquarian learning, and profusely illustrated. The authentic and valuable political history of Abraham Lincoln's Presidency is accompanied with good portraits of all the members of his Cabinet, and the full particulars of their appointment.

Scribner's Magazine.—"The Man-at-Arms," by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, is a very complete and minute account of the armour, weapons, and equipments of military service in the Middle Ages, with an abundance of illustrations. The Pyramids and Sphinx of Egypt, Japanese art, French intelligence, Balzac, and other topics of general interest, besides some properly American, are discussed with ability; and there are several lively tales.

Atlantic Monthly.—The most attractive article here is the description of a visit to Constantinople, by Mr. Theodore Child. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has a postscript to add to his "Hundred Days" in Europe; and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner describes "The Golden Hesperides" of Southern California—a delightful region, which is becoming the favourite American winter resort.

The Theatre.—Notices of the early life and first performances of Jenny Lind, and of Mrs. Kendal, will be read with interest. There is a review of Dr. Doran's well-known work, "Their Majesties' Servants," upon the recent appearance of the fine illustrated edition. There is also the conclusion of a tale, "The Sapphire Ring"; and there are several pieces of verse.

The Bookworm.—This new magazine for literary antiquaries, published by Mr. Eliot Stock, marks the essential distinction between the lovers of libraries and the modern multitude of readers. It is conducted with judgment, good taste, and accurate scholarship. The second Number contains a review of Dr. F. R. Cruise's valuable work on Thomas à Kempis; an account of the supposed portrait of Caxton, in a manuscript preserved at Lambeth Palace; a description of the library there; and a notice of Steele's reputed connection with "The Ladies' Library," in 1714, with other bibliographical notes; also, a humorous poem on the bookworm, and the natural history of that insect.

OUR TROOPS IN BURMAH.

The marauding bands of "dacoits," who can no longer be regarded as political insurgents, continue to give active occupation to the British and Indian troops stationed in various detachments at different places in the Burmese forest and hill country. An engagement of this kind at Chinbyit, in the Chindwin Valley, to the west of the Irrawaddy, is represented in our Sketch, from materials supplied by two officers who were present on the occasion. In other parts of the territory lately annexed to the British Empire, military operations have been attended with success. It has been mentioned that, on Oct. 5, a party of mounted Infantry, composed of men of the South Wales Borderers and the 7th Bombay Infantry, under the command of Major Harvey, Captain Alban, and Lieutenant Way, after a forced march of fifty miles, surprised the dacoit camp, killing the chief, Boh Shway, and ten of his followers. Many of the dacoits were wounded, and a quantity of arms captured. Boh Shway's body was brought in and fully identified. There was no loss on the British side.

Midnight services were held on Saturday, Dec. 31, at many of the metropolitan churches and chapels, which were attended by large congregations.

The Pope celebrated his Jubilee Mass early on Sunday, New Year's Day, in St. Peter's, at Rome, in the presence of about twenty thousand people. The pilgrims cheered enthusiastically as he entered the church, carried aloft in his chair. The Pope wore and used in the celebration some of the presents he had received from Royal personages. The event was commemorated in the Roman Catholic churches of London.

The Queen has contributed £10 towards the chancel improvements in the church of St. Mary, Winkfield, Berks.—The Mercers' Company has given a donation of twenty-five guineas to the funds of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress; and twenty guineas to the Rev. N. Bromley, for the restoration of Holy Trinity Church, St. Giles-in-the-Fields.—The Clothworkers' Company have given twenty guineas to the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools, situated at Russell Hill, Purley, Surrey.

The marriage of Mr. John E. Gladstone, only son of the late Captain J. N. Gladstone, R.N., of Bowden Park, Chippenham, and nephew of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, with Gertrude Theresa, elder daughter of the late Sir Charles Miller, Bart., and sister of Sir Hubert Miller, of Froyle Park, Alton, Hants, took place on Jan. 3 in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Mr. Henry Gladstone attended the bridegroom as best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Constance Miller, sister of the bride; Lady Florence Corry, niece, and Miss M. Gladstone, cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Acland Troyte, Miss May Du Cane, Miss Rachel Earle, and Miss Martineau. The bride was conducted to the chancel by her brother, Sir Hubert Miller, Bart., who afterwards gave her away. Her train was held by a little page, Master Leonard Hardy, nephew of the bridegroom. The service was choral.

OBITUARY.

BARONESS GREY DE RUTHYN.

The Right Hon. Bertha Leigarde, Baroness Grey De Ruthyn, died at her residence, Warton Hall, in the county of Lancaster, on Dec. 15, aged fifty-two. The Baroness was the second daughter of George Augustus, second Marquis of Hastings (by his wife, Barbara, Baroness Grey De Ruthyn, only daughter and heiress of the twentieth Baron) and wife of Mr. Augustus Wykeham Clifton, of Warton Hall, in the county of Lancaster, brother of Charles Frederick, first Lord Donington, by whom she leaves, with other issue, a son, Rawdon George Grey Clifton, born in 1858, now twenty-fourth Baron Grey De Ruthyn. The deceased Baroness was declared by the Committee for Privileges in 1876 to be one of the coheirs of the barony of Grey De Ruthyn, and the Queen in 1885 was pleased to terminate the abeyance (into which the barony had fallen on the death of the fourth Marquis of Hastings and twenty-second Baron Grey De Ruthyn) in her favour.

SIR ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Sir Robert Montgomery, G.C.S.I., K.C.B., LL.D., a very distinguished Indian Civil Servant, died on Dec. 28, aged seventy-eight. He was second son of the late Rev. Samuel Law Montgomery, Rector of Lower Moville, county Donegal. In 1828, he entered the Bengal Civil Service, and, after passing with credit through subordinate offices, was transferred to the Punjab, and commenced a career of distinction in the momentous times that tested the abilities and energies of the civil as well as of the military authorities. From 1853 to 1858, he was Judicial Commissioner; from 1858 to 1859, Chief Commissioner of Oude, in succession to Outram; and from 1859 to 1865, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. His association with the Lawrences (Henry and John) is well known; and the services he rendered were all-important in the steps taken for the recovery of Delhi. One of the districts of the Punjab is called after him, as well as a memorial hall at Lahore. A few years before his return home, he was appointed (in 1868) a Member of Council in India. He had previously received the insignia of K.C.B. in 1859, and the Grand Cross of the Star of India in 1866. Sir Robert married, first, in 1834, Frances Mary, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Thomason (which lady died in 1842); and secondly, in 1845, Ellen Jane, daughter of Mr. William Lambert, of Woodmanstone, Surrey.

CAPTAIN G. MAUNSELL.

Captain George Maunsell, late H.E.I.S., died on Dec. 26. He was descended, in the direct male line, from Captain Thomas Maunsell, R.N., who settled at Maccollop Castle, in the county of Waterford, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; having fought against the Spanish Armada, and being sent to Ireland as Warden of the Southern Ports. His grandson settled in Limerick, which the family represented for some generations in the Irish Parliament. The deceased was brother to Louisa, Countess of Seafield, and cousin to the present Viscount Reethaven. He was also connected, in the female line, with the Earl of Ilchester and the late Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey. Captain Maunsell was the representative of the Maunsell family in Ireland, and is succeeded by his first cousin, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Maunsell.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir Robert Dalrymple Ross Knight, Speaker of the House of Assembly, South Australia, recently.

Major-General Thomas Darling Ker, late of the 6th Regiment Native Infantry, Bombay Army, on Christmas Day, at Great Malvern, aged sixty-four.

Mr. Francis C. Alton, Chief Inspector of Machinery in connection with the Portsmouth Steam Reserve, on Dec. 27, in his fifty-ninth year.

Mr. William Wing, of Market Overton, Rutland, J.P. for counties of Rutland and Leicester, and High Sheriff of the former in 1866, on Christmas Day, in his sixty-third year.

James Webster Winchester, LL.D., Deputy-Inspector General of Hospitals, retired, Bombay Army, on Christmas Day. He was for many years identified with the organisation of the Conservative party in Scotland.

Mr. William George Windham, M.A., of Waghon, Yorkshire, D.L., on Dec. 28, at Bournemouth, aged fifty-nine. He was descended in the male line from the Smijths, of Hill Hall, Essex, and, through heiresses, from a branch of Wyndham of Felbrigg.

Lieutenant-Colonel FitzRoy Wilson, late Rifle Brigade, on Dec. 24, at Ackworth House, East Bergholt, Suffolk, aged forty-seven. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Wilson, of Stowlangtoft Hall, M.P. for West Suffolk, by Caroline, his second wife, only daughter of the Rev. Lord Henry FitzRoy.

Mr. Clayton William Feake Glyn, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, barrister-at-law, J.P. for Essex, of Durrington House, Harlow, on Dec. 30, in his sixty-seventh year. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Clayton Glyn, by Jemima Julia, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Hammond, of St. Alban's Court, Kent; and grand-nephew of Sir Richard Carr Glyn, M.P., first Baronet, of Gaunts, Dorset.

The *Times* has celebrated its 100th anniversary, the first number having been published on Jan. 1, 1788.

Parcels not exceeding 6½ lb. in weight can be received at any post-office in the United Kingdom for transmission to Spain, via France.

Assistant Secretary Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, LL.D., has been elected secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, to succeed the late Professor Spencer F. Baird.

After receiving a deputation of ladies who presented a memorial to the Queen, signed by more than a million Englishwomen, in favour of the total closing of public-houses on Sundays, the Home Secretary promised to communicate to her Majesty all the circumstances which the memorialists desired to lay before her.

The Sheffield Corporation has taken possession of the undertaking of the Sheffield Water Company, for which purpose they obtained an Act of Parliament last Session. The price is rather over £2,000,000, and the result of the arrangement was to increase the value of the ordinary shares, on which £100 is paid up, from £60 to £90. The Corporation retain the services of the company's staff for three years, and grant compensation of £5000 and £3000 each to the retiring managers and law clerk.

On the famous historic site of the old Hummum's Hotel, Covent-garden, a new and admirably constructed building has recently been erected. It occupies the site of both the new and the old Hummum's, and promises to be one of the most popular of all the London hotels. The proprietors have been fortunate in securing the services of Messrs. Oetzmann, of Hampstead-road, for the furnishing and decoration of the building. This well-known firm has carried out the work in the most tasteful and artistic manner possible, filling the commodious rooms with all the latest novelties in the way of handsome furniture.

COOPER COOPER & CO.'S TEAS AS BELOW:—

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ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—Such value as is not offered by any other House in the Kingdom.

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ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—10lb. parcels, carriage free, in 4lb. and 2lb. packets, or any other size for distribution.

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ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. buy their Tea for ready money, and sell for ready money.

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ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell the finest Tea the world produces at 2s. 6d. and 3s. a pound.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. sell Ceylon Teas, Indian Teas, and China Teas in their integrity.

ONE SHILLING AND FOURPENCE a POUND.—COOPER COOPER and CO. also sell Indian Garden Teas in original chests to those who desire special Garden Teas at a bare commission on Garden price.

NEW YEAR.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

WELCOME PRESENTS.—COOPER COOPER and CO. pack their Teas in all quantities suitable for New Year's Gifts.

WELCOME PRESENTS.—COOPER COOPER and CO. send half chests, containing fifty separate pounds of One-and-Four Tea, for £3 6s. 8d., carriage paid, to any railway station in Great Britain.

WELCOME PRESENTS.—COOPER COOPER and CO. send chests of Tea, containing one hundred separate pounds of One-and-Four Tea, for £6 13s. 4d., carriage paid.

WELCOME PRESENTS for Distribution at this season. None so welcome among the poor as COOPER COOPER and CO.'S Teas.

WELCOME PRESENTS for Distribution at this season. COOPER COOPER and CO.'S Teas also in boxes, containing twelve pounds of Tea in separate pounds, to suit donors. Carriage free.

WELCOME PRESENTS to FRIENDS. The finest Tea the world produces at 3s. a pound, in boxes, half-chests, and chests. Carriage free.

WELCOME PRESENTS to NEIGHBOURS and ACQUAINTANCES.—The fine Tea at Two Shillings and Sixpence a pound, in boxes, half-chests, and chests. Carriage free.

WELCOME PRESENTS.—Happy greetings at this season to friends at a distance—a box of COOPER COOPER and CO.'S 2s. Tea.

HAPPY MOMENTS.—Postman knocks at the door. "Here, Missus, is a parcel for you."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Only look, mother! Postman has a cart full of parcels."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Whoever can have sent us this parcel?" Postman: "Squire is in Linnon, and I hear he has sent a box to every one of his hands and a parcel to every poor woman in the parish."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—Opening the unexpected package.

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Mother, it is Tea, and it is COOPER COOPER'S. It is, really!"

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Mother, there is a book about Tea which tells how to make Tea, and all about the water boiling."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—"Child, put the kettle on; I do so want my tea."

HAPPY MOMENTS.—Pouring the Tea out. All: "Why, it just smells like Cowslips."

GENUINE UNADULTERATED TEAS. All of this year's growth, analysed and carefully selected by COOPER COOPER and CO. from the robust productions of Ceylon, India, and China, either mixed each with other or in their integrity, as may be desired. One Shilling and Fourpence a pound, mounting by steps, none less than the fineness and delicacy of flavour, to 3s. a pound. Samples of any Tea will be sent, post-free, on application. Packages, containing 10 lb. of Tea and upwards, will be delivered free at any Railway Station in Great Britain. Parcels, containing from 4 to 10 lb. of Tea, will be sent by Parcel Post, free, to any address in the United Kingdom, from Lamb's End to John of Groat's House, for 2d. in addition to the cost of the Tea—and there is no such value to be had in this Kingdom for the money.

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SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE, 50 oz., at 10s. 6d., £26 3s.
Write for Illustrated Pamphlet, which is sent gratis and post-free.

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CUES
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THE STOCK-TAKING SALE,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,
will commence on the
FIRST MONDAY IN JANUARY,
and will continue during the month.

GENUINE BARGAINS will be offered in each Department. The whole of the Stock has been re-marked to very low prices purposely for this Sale. Those ladies who kindly pay an early visit can secure remarkably cheap goods.

ATTENTION IS INVITED to the Superior and Elegant Mantles and Jackets recently imported. Also to the Superb Silk and Material Costumes, Evening Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Beaded Bodices, Tea-Gowns, Underclothing, &c. Silks by the yard; also Velvets, Plushes, both plain, striped, and brocaded, will be sold wonderfully cheap. All black and grey materials are considerably reduced in price. The beautiful stock of French Millinery Bonnets, just imported, also Cape Bonnets, will be sold very cheap. Gloves, Hosiery, Umbrellas, Neckties, Fichus, the rich stock of Trimmings, Furs, Fur Capes, Muffs, Fur-lined Cloaks, Fur Visites—all will be offered at extremely low prices.

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SPECIAL DETAILED LIST POST-FREE.



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2. A Lantern Shop: Buying Lanterns for the Jubilee.
3. Triumphal Arch.
4. Chinese Merchants.
5. A Family Going to See the Show.

6. A Perch on a Bough (Conjuring).
7. A Revolving See-Saw.
8. Big Drums in the Procession.
9. Boy Dressed as a Warrior.
10. A Band of Musicians.

11. Princess Peacock.
12. Official Lantern-bearer.
13. Mandarin on frisky Tartar Pony.
14. Gigantic Fish Lantern in Balcony.
15. Official Umbrella-bearer.

16. Dragon, over 100 yards long, borne by 180 men, with Red Lamp, the Sun, held before its jaws.
17. Representation of Buddha (a living child, with six artificial arms).
18. Another Dragon (man working the jaws).



THE "BEESWING."



THE OLD AND THE NEW STAGER.



THE RECKONING.



SOLICITOR AND CLIENT.

IN THE DOG-DAYS.

In the days when dogs enjoyed the privileges of civilised mankind, wore coats and shirts and neckties, had money to spend, kept bankers' accounts, dined at clubs and taverns, and drank fine old port with the "beeswing" to attest its quality, our own progenitors, then deemed an inferior race, were either a wild pack of "Yahoos," howling like wolves in the forest, or captives chained to the kennel, or led about with muzzles on our snouts, at the caprice of our canine masters. "The World Went Very Well Then," as Mr. Walter Besant writes of another period; it would have seemed so, at least, in the opinion of those judicious mastiffs, bloodhounds, foxhounds, setters, spaniels, and terriers, who then composed the body politic and the upper classes of society. Is it a dream of our satirical Artist, who must be a Cynic philosopher, that this state of affairs really existed in the good old times? Have the dogs, with all their social virtues, which

too often put us to shame, their sincerity and veracity, their cheerful alacrity in service, their courage, their constancy in affection—with their keen observant intelligence, good sense, and practical sagacity—been the subject race in all ages, ever since the development of animal species produced the creatures of the mammalian type, which they and we must claim as the common basis of our physical organisation? Between the earliest, perhaps the meanest, specimen of humanity, who shuddered naked in the wilderness, unclothed, unarmed, untaught, a helpless, speechless idiot, before the dawn of civilisation, and the noble beast, completely endowed from birth with his natural faculties, able to find his meat, to fight his enemies, to seek needful shelter, to take care of himself, of his mate and his young ones, without the protection of laws and police or the aid of Charity committees, was the advantage wholly on the side of Man? Let us only fancy,

that it had seemed good to the Dog, once upon a time, to adopt the same courses and methods of personal and social advancement that we have thought fit to prefer, to wear clothes like ours, to coin and earn money, to buy and sell, to pay money or to owe debts, to eat unwholesome dinners and quaff intoxicating drinks—all the practices to which we are addicted, and which do not make us happy—let this be imagined, and the Artist's dream becomes a reality; but we do not believe that the dogs could ever have been so silly. The animal that never yet told a lie is the moral superior of not a few self-styled lords of creation, and proves his intellectual superiority to many of us, as he is seldom self-deceived. The "Twa Dogs" agree:

But human bodies are sie fools,
For all their colleges and schools,
That when nae real tils perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE AT HONG-KONG.

The Jubilee or fiftieth anniversary celebration of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria took place at Hong-Kong so late as Nov. 9 and the following day; and in the city of Victoria, named after her Majesty, it was honoured with splendid festivities and signal demonstrations of loyalty. The Governor, Sir William Des Vœux, received a deputation of the Queen's Chinese subjects and other Chinese residents in the island, headed by Mr. Ho Wyson, who, with Mr. Ho Amei, presented an address to the Queen, embroidered on white satin with beautiful decorations; a large brass tablet, inscribed with loyal sentiments, was also presented to be kept at Government House. His Excellency next received the English deputation; and the Hon. J. Bell-Irving, on behalf of the Jubilee Committee, presented their address in a handsome book of parchment, bound in purple silk plush. A grand Chinese procession went through the streets of the city. It carried hundreds of banners, many embroidered with gold, official umbrellas similarly worked, representations of historical, theatrical, and mythological personages and scenes. There were a hundred ponies, their riders, boys and girls, representing Chinese warriors, statesmen, hunters, mandarins, and other noted personages in the reigns of former dynasties. The pageant included two magnificent dragons, constructed for the occasion, the size and length of which may be judged by the fact that each required 180 bearers. There were twenty-four full bands and thirty-six minor bands, also a band of musicians from Manila. The total cost of this pageant was between 70,000 and 80,000 dols., of which the Fish Guild and Meat Guild contributed 15,000 dollars each. The costly embroidered banners, which bear suitable inscriptions commemorative of the Jubilee, are to be presented to the Queen. At noon, the ships of war in the harbour fired a naval salute. At five in the afternoon, the troops of the garrison were reviewed by the Governor on the Parade-ground. In the evening, there was a Chinese night procession, with lanterns, transparencies, and two illuminated dragons. The streets and buildings of the city were illuminated with great splendour and brilliancy; the City Hall, the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, and other fine edifices, and the principal warehouses, hotels, and shops, made a fine display of lighting-up; and so did the vessels in the harbour. Chinese fireworks were exhibited on the Parade-ground, near St. John's Cathedral, and

other fireworks from barges moored in the harbour. On the second day, Nov. 10, the bronze statue of the late Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor of Hong-Kong from 1872 to 1877, was unveiled in the Botanic Gardens by the present Governor. The Jubilee ball, at night, was a great social success. There was also a Jubilee cricket-match, played by officers of the Army and Navy, and members of the Civil Service; a fête in aid of the Alice Memorial Hospital; an evening fête in the Botanic Gardens, and an amateur dramatic performance at the Theatre Royal.

Our Illustrations of the Chinese procession are from sketches by Mr. Alexander G. Wildey, Surgeon, R.N., of H.M.S. Victor Emmanuel.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Early Life of Samuel Rogers. By P. W. Clayden (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—One of the most familiar figures in London society, especially in literary circles, during more than half a century, and well remembered by men above middle age, was the retired banker and accomplished dilettante who received innumerable guests at breakfast in the St. James's-place house, overlooking the Green Park. Mr. Rogers was the author of several elegant, but rather insipid poetical compositions, which were tolerable specimens of versified meditation concerning ordinary facts of mental experience and objects of educated taste, but which lacked the genius of poetry. As he died at ninety-two years of age, in December, 1855, and as his "Pleasures of Memory" was published in 1792, his was a mind formed in the last century; and he did not share with Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Walter Scott the inspiration, such as it was, that existed, notwithstanding some depressing influences, under George III. This volume, containing his memoirs and letters down to 1803, has a flavour of old-fashioned manners and characters, and of antiquated topics, which some readers may be inclined to relish. Its editor, Mr. Clayden, by his intimacy with the representatives of the Sharps, a family closely connected with Rogers, has been put in possession of the ample materials here applied to biographical use, and has arranged them in a way perfectly satisfactory, besides writing much pertinent narrative and judicious comment in an agreeable style. Rogers, born in July, 1763, at Stoke Newington, was educated at private schools, like boys of other Dissenting families at that period, and early became a

clerk in the bank of which his father was a partner. He devoted his leisure hours to literature, taking for his masters in verse the writers then most admired, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Beattie; but a genuine passion for Nature, or for a woman, might have done more to make him a poet. He became a partner in the bank in 1784, wrote and published small pieces, and made literary acquaintances, such as Miss Helen Maria Williams, Miss Joanna Baillie, and Mrs. Barbauld; visited Edinburgh, where he met the historian Robertson, Adam Smith, and Henry Mackenzie; made a tour in the Highlands, went to Paris in 1791, and witnessed some scenes of the French Revolution; made excursions in Wales, and in the West of England; corresponded with Dr. Parr, Dr. Price, and Dr. Priestley; published "The Pleasures of Memory," which was a great success; continued his attention to business, found himself growing rich, entered into more fashionable society, and collected books, pictures, and sculpture; again visited Paris in 1802; and retired from the counting-house to a leisurely life at the West-End. Of course, in those times, especially when in France, he occasionally saw persons, and heard the first news of events, which are of historical interest; he saw Mirabeau, and he saw Buonaparte, but it was *vidi tantum*. Rogers, in fact, was never a man of great affairs, or even capable of great enthusiasm; but he was shrewd and observant of small matters, and gathered a variety of anecdotes and sayings of distinguished persons, which are to be found in this and other volumes of reminiscences to a much later date.

Very stormy weather has prevailed in the Atlantic. The Lord Gough, which has arrived at Queenstown six days overdue, reports that she only made seventy-four miles during the whole of Christmas Day. A storm is reported from the West Indies, which is said to have exceeded anything ever known before. One British schooner was capsized, with the loss of thirteen lives.

Speaking at Spalding recently, Mr. ex-Sheriff Clarke observed that Mr. Gladstone computed that from the year 1879 to the year 1885 the total loss on agriculture over the United Kingdom was upwards of £120,000,000. Other persons placed it considerably higher. This was nearly one-third of the total capital employed in farming. If England was to remain a first-class Power some remedy or other must be devised for this portentous state of affairs.

MARRIAGE.

On Dec. 22, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Walter Horne, cousin of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. J. J. G. Nash, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Woburn-square, Alderson Burrell Horne, of No. 10, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, younger son of Edgar Horne, of No. 46, Russell-square, and Arlington Lodge, Eastbourne, to Maud, youngest daughter of Frederick William Porter, of No. 16, Russell-square, and Moyle Tower, Hythe. No cards. At home first week of March.

DEATH.

On Dec. 30, at Stanor-road, West Kensington, Herbert William, elder son of Archibald Ramsden, aged 27.
*The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

CASES FOR BINDING

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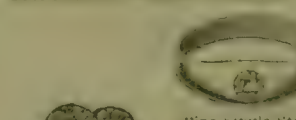
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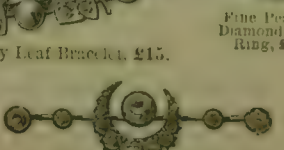
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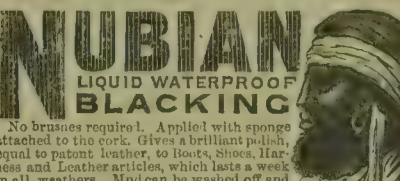
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and Cannes, and similar to that of Paris in the months of May
and June; in Summer the heat is always tempered by the sea-
breezes. The walks are surrounded by palm-trees, aloes,
cactus, camellias, and nearly all the floral kingdom of Africa.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO is continued during all the
Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hotel des
Bains. The Administration of the Society of the Baths of MONACO
have the honour to announce the following arrangements made
by them for the

THEATRICAL SEASON, 1888.

This commenced on Jan. 3, and will continue every Tuesday
and Friday during the months of January, February, and
March, when one of the following favourite Comic Operas will
be performed:—
"Les Mousquetaires de la Reine," "La Pré aux Clercs,"
"Lalla Rouck," "Violetta," "Richard Cœur-de-Lion,"
"Barbier de Séville," "Songe d'une Nuit d'été," "Le Trou-
normand," "Zampa," and the "Diamants de la Couronne."

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Mesdames Bilhaut Vauchetel, Salla, Adèle Isane (of the Comic
Opera).
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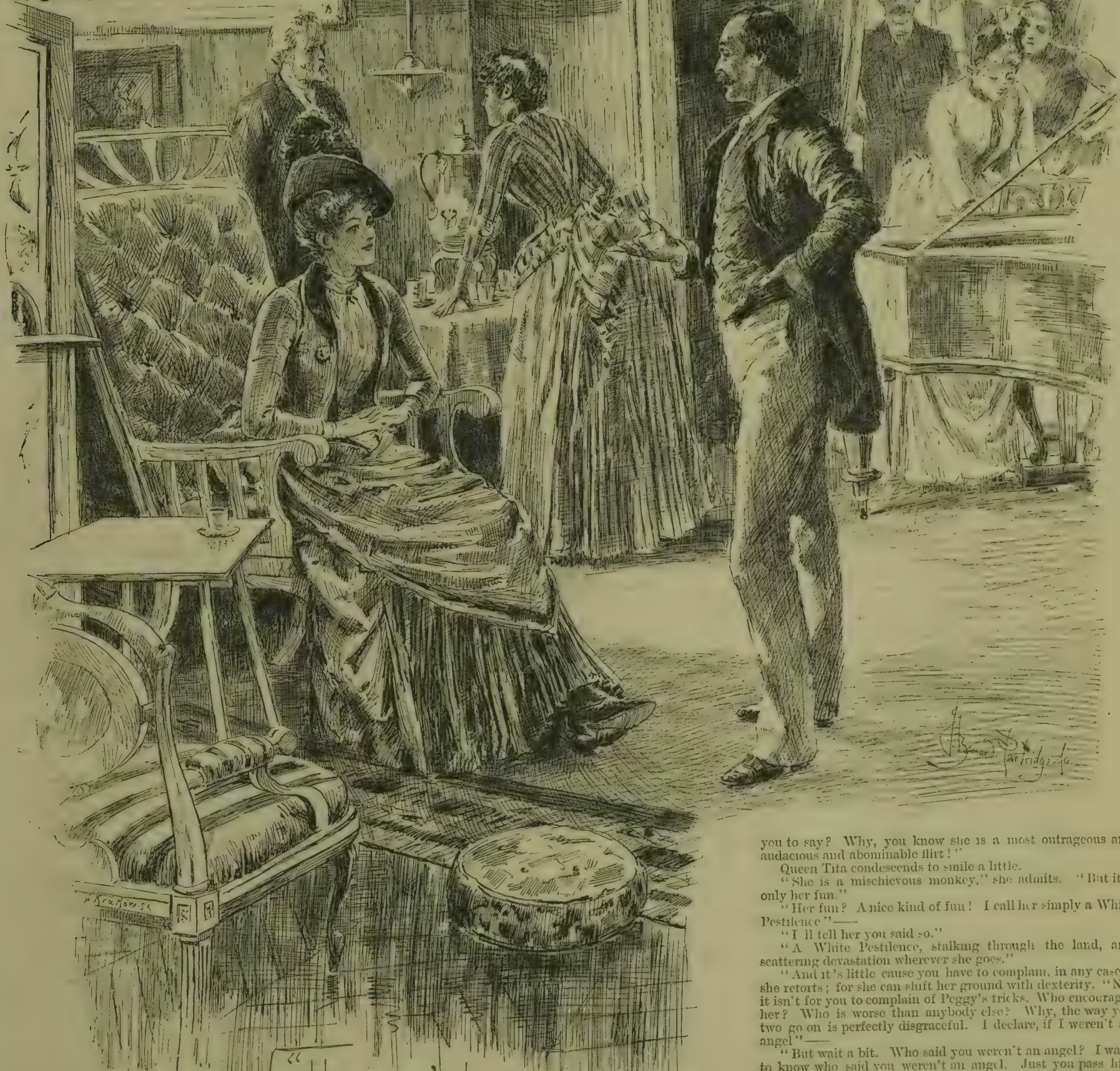
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of Ancient and Modern CLASSICAL MUSIC, every Thursday,
at 2.30 p.m. (Holy Thursday excepted) commenced Nov. 24.

TWELVE GRAND PHEASANT-SHOOTINGS
(with other Game), every Saturday in January.

PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCHES.
1888.
Bi-weekly Matches.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT

by William Black.



"He entertained her
with an account of the Dodo"

CHAPTER I.

"See! from the bower a form majestic moves,
And, smoothly gliding, shines along the groves;
See, comes a goddess from the golden spheres!
A goddess comes—or Rosalind appears!"

"And do choose a nice one this time!" says a small woman, with pleading, soft, brown eyes. "Just fancy those long days and weeks—in far out-of-the-way places: of course I want someone who is very, very pretty, and very, very delightful, to be my companion. Never mind about her being a heroine. Everybody can't be a heroine. I want somebody who will be merry at dinner, and cosy to walk with on the moonlight nights; and I don't care twopence about her character!"

"What?"

"You know quite well what I mean. I detest strong-minded women—they should all be sitting on School Boards, with spectacles on their noses, like a row of owls. Character! What's the use of character? You can't kiss force of character—but you can kiss Peggy Rosslyn."

"You mean *you* can."

"Well?" says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with a stare. "I-n't that enough?"

"Hm! . . . However, it's Peggy Rosslyn, is it, you've fixed upon? Well, I shouldn't have called her so uncommonly pretty. Let's see. Her eyes—her eyes are rather glassy, aren't they?"

"I think they are most beautiful eyes," says this small creature, warmly. "Why, they have the clear shining blue of the eyes of a child!"

"Her nose is distinctly impertinent."

"You may call it impertinent, if you like; but that is merely the stupidity of the English language in not having a word to describe the prettiest shape of nose there is."

"We won't quarrel about her nose: there isn't enough of it to make a fuss about. And indeed if I were granting you everything—that she is fairly good-looking, and has a tall and elegant figure, and a fresh complexion, and so forth—what does it amount to? When you come to her conduct, what are

you to say? Why, you know she is a most outrageous and audacious and abominable flirt!"

Queen Tita condescends to smile a little.

"She is a mischievous monkey," she admits. "But it's only her fun."

"Her fun? A nice kind of fun! I call her simply a White Pestilence."

"I'll tell her you said so."

"A White Pestilence, stalking through the land, and scattering devastation wherever she goes."

"And it's little cause you have to complain, in any case," she retorts; for she can shift her ground with dexterity. "No, it isn't for you to complain of Peggy's tricks. Who encourages her? Who is worse than anybody else? Why, the way you two go on is perfectly disgraceful. I declare, if I weren't an angel!"

"But wait a bit. Who said you weren't an angel? I want to know who said you weren't an angel. Just you pass him this way. Hand him along. And then ask his aged mother to come and see if she can recognise the fragments."

"It's all very well for you to make a joke of it; but if you would only think of those two grown-up boys, and the kind of example that is set before them!"

"I dare say the boys will be able to look out for themselves."

"If they take after their father, they will."

"Come, now, about Peggy. You know she has a way of expecting a good deal of attention."

"Yes; and men are never willing to pay her all the attention she wants! Oh, no, they are quite reluctant—you especially! Well, never mind, I'll take Peggy. I daresay we shall get on excellently by ourselves. But remember, Peggy is to be mine, and mine alone. Of course she will share my cabin at night, but I mean in the daytime as well—when we are walking along the bank, Peggy is to be with me; and if we go for a drive anywhere, she and I are to sit together. And won't you men be wild!"

"And won't you women be dull! But I don't know yet that I can allow a person of that kind to come with us. There is a good deal of moral obliquity about your peerless Peggy. Look at the way she goes on at cards. You may call her 'a daughter of the gods, divinely tall,' but you can't say she's 'most divinely fair'; for she cheats at vingt-et-un like the very mischief."

"It's only her fun."

"Why, everything is only her fun! Is she to be allowed to do whatever she pleases so long as it amuses her? Besides, there are other considerations. She's a Yank."

"She's a dear!"

Obviously it was of no use to argue further with a woman who would make such irrelevant answers; for the sake of peace and quietness it was better to say "Very well"; and so it came about that it was resolved to ask Miss Peggy Rosslyn to accompany us when we should be ready to steal away from the busy haunts of men and begin our exploration of the devious water-ways in the west of England.

As it chanced, the Person without a Character—she who had been chosen simply because she was pretty and nice—who was supposed to have no mental or moral attributes whatsoever—no ambitions, opinions, affections, angularities, or sinister designs of any kind—this Characterless Person called upon us that afternoon, and found some people chatting and drinking tea. And oh! so innocent she looked; and so demure were her eyes; and so reserved and courteous and complaisant her manner to these strange folk! Not any one of them, as it happened, had met her; not any one of them had been on terms of intimate friendship with her, and been allowed for a second—for the flashing fifteenth part of a second—to see in those innocent eyes a sudden and laughing confession of all her villainies and sins. What they saw was a tall, pleasant-looking, young American lady, of about eighteen or nineteen, fresher-complexioned than most of her country-women, and thoroughly well dressed. Perhaps one or other of the younger men, regarding her with greater interest, might have observed one of her small peculiarities—the grace of the action of her hands and wrists when she took anything up or put it down. It was a quite unconscious and natural habit she had of keeping her hand turned outward from the wrist, and hovering, as it were, before she touched anything, as a butterfly hovers before it settles. It may be added—without any great breach of confidence—that when Miss Peggy wanted to be very affectionate towards one of her women-friends, or wanted to wheedle her out of something, she had a trick of holding her victim's head in those pretty white hands while she kissed her on both cheeks. A person who has gone through this ceremony several times informs the writer that she cannot think of anything it resembles so much as the soft closing together of a plover's wings when the bird first reaches the ground.

On this occasion it fell to the lot of a distinguished but far from elderly man of science to make himself agreeable to Peggy; and he did his best. He entertained her with an account of the Dodo. The Dodo, he said, was a Conservative bird, that became very much annoyed with the Radical new ways of its contemporaries—the sports of the various species, so to speak; and failing to convince them that they were conducting themselves shamefully, he simply left the world in disgust. That is what we do now with science; we make it entertaining for children. Peggy was a child; and had to be used. And how could this youthful tessor know, when he was making himself pleasantly facetious, that those calm inquiring eyes were reading him through and through; that Peggy knew far more about human beings and their arts and wiles and ways than he knew about snails and frogs; and that, while he remained within reach of her glance, he was playing with a fire a hundred times more deadly than any ever invented by the Greeks? However, in these pages there shall be naught set down in malice against the young lady who was to be our guest and companion during our long water-journey. The truth may have to be told, but it shall be no more than the truth. And it is frankly admitted that on this afternoon Miss Peggy behaved herself very well. She was docile and agreeable to all. She did not sit in a corner with any one person for the whole time. As for the youthful Professor, he went away declaring that she was simply charming, though she did not seem to him to resemble the typical American girl; from which we are to learn that sham metaphysics may by accident penetrate even into the sacred domain of natural science, and that a biologist may confess to a belief in those anemic abstractions, those impossible phantoms, those fantastic fabrications of prejudice or prepossession—national types.

But when we discovered that Peggy had no engagement for that evening, and when she discovered that we were to be by ourselves, she was easily persuaded to stay and dine with us; and forthwith—for the people had lingered on till nearly seven o'clock—the domineering mite who controls this household had carried her improvised guest away with her, to prepare for the banquet. And indeed when Miss Peggy took her seat at the table, the candid historian is bound to admit—though rather against his will—that she was pleasant to look at. One forgot the audacity of her nose in the general brightness of her face; and her eyes, whatever else they may have been, were distinctly good-humoured. She had a pretty underlip, too—a perfect rosebud in its way; and she had a habit of pursing her mouth piquantly when about to speak; when listening, on the other hand, in an attitude of pleased attention, her head a little forward, sometimes she would part her lips in a half-laughing way, and then there was a gleam of whitest pearl. Yes; simple honest demands—or rather, extorts—the confession that there have been plainer young women than our Peggy, as she appeared on this evening; and the prospect of having her for a companion during our contemplated excursion was one to be endured.

And now we had to lay all our plans, inchoate as they still were, before our young friend, in the hope of enticing her to go with us. It was speedily found that very little enticement was necessary. When her hostess described to her our preconcerted and sudden withdrawal from the roar and turmoil and heated rooms of London—the assembling of the small

party of friends on board the mysterious barge, as yet unconstructed and unnamed, that was to bear us away toward far western regions—our stealthy gliding through the silent land, in the pleasant May-time of the year—the ever-changing panorama of hill and wood and daisied meadow slowly going by—our morning walks along the banks—our moonlit evenings on deck, with perhaps a little music, of plantation birth—or, later still, a game of cards in the lamp-lit saloon: when all these things and many more have been put before her, the question comes—

"Now, Peggy, what do you say? Will you go with us?"

"Will I?" says Peggy. "Won't I!"

And then she seems to think this answer too abrupt; and she goes round the table and kisses that small mite of a woman.

"You are just too good to me," she says; and then she returns to her place.

"You will bring your banjo, Miss Peggy?" says one of us.

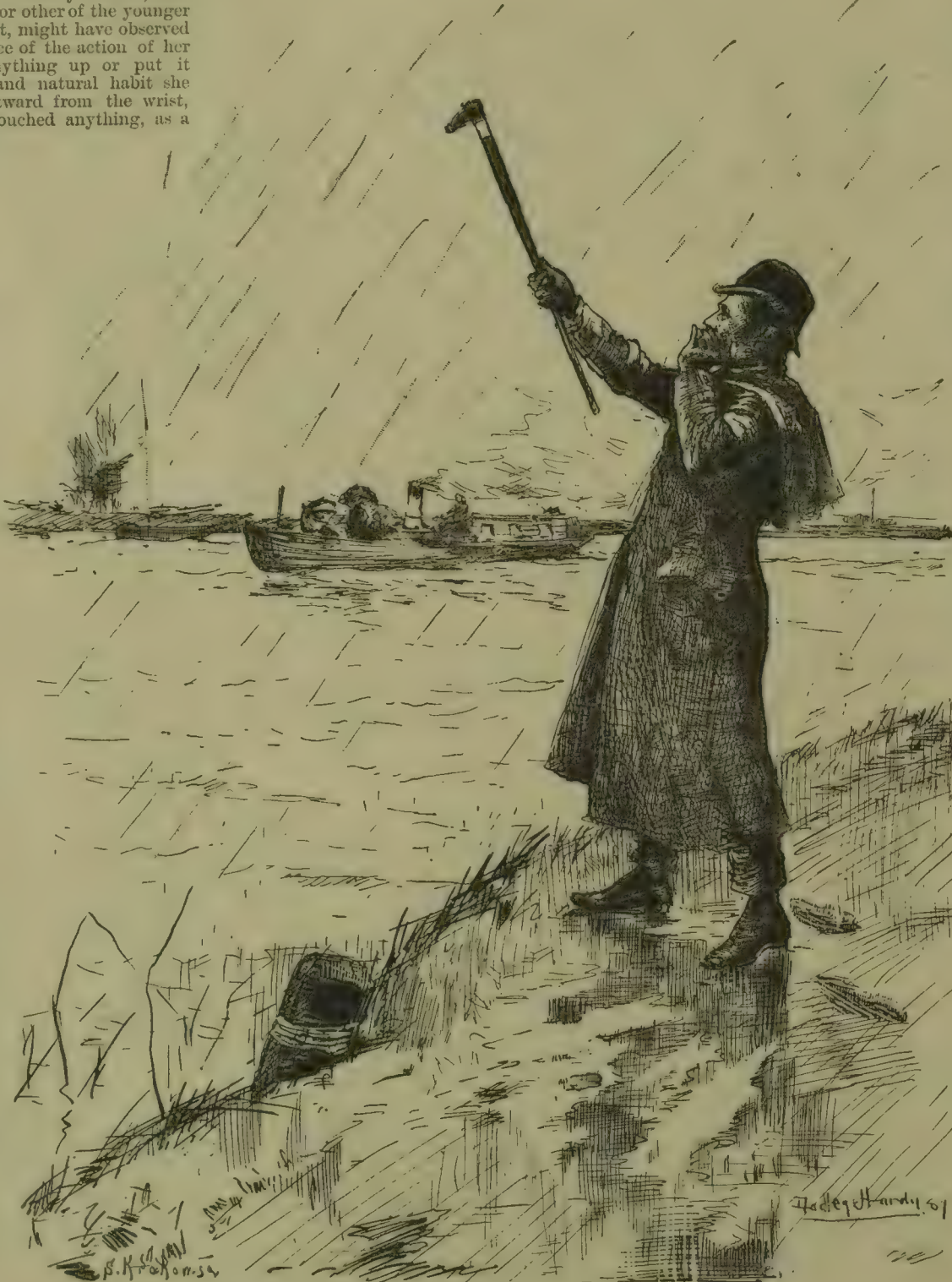
"Oh, no!"

"Why not? Don't you ever perform out of London? Bell took her guitar with her when we drove the phaeton northward."

"That is different," she says. "A guitar sounds all right. But a banjo would be out of keeping."

"Oh, we can't get on without 'Kitty Wells' and 'Carry me back to old Tennessee.'"

"There is a much more important thing," interposes Mrs.



One shudders even now to think of that cold river on a January day.

Threepenny-bit; and she eyes the young lady with severe and significant scrutiny. "We shall want a fourth for our party; and he may—I say he may—be a man; and even possibly a young man. Now, Peggy, I want to know if you are going to behave yourself?"

Miss Peggy turns to the third member of this trio, with appealing and innocent and injured eyes.

"Now, is that fair? Is that kind? Do I ever misbehave?"

"Never—I will swear it! But I see you know where to come to, you poor dear, when they say things about you. You know where sympathy and consolation are always waiting for you. Don't you mind them—you come to me!"

"Who called her a White Pestilence?" says a hushed, small voice.

"What's that?" says Miss Peggy, whose ears are sharp enough.

"Oh, yes; you must bring your banjo," one has to interpolate hastily. "Of course we can't do without 'Kitty Wells,' you know, and 'Carry me back to old Tennessee.'"

"Who called her a White Pestilence?" says the fiend again. So this matter has to be faced.

"Well, you understand, Miss Peggy, there are some people whom you have to describe by opposites—the ordinary phrases of approval are not good enough—do you see?"

"Oh, yes, I see," answered Miss Peggy; and there was very little indeed that that young woman was incapable of seeing. "I see that you have been talking about me. But I know you didn't believe half of what you said."

"Of course not!—nor any of it."

"Besides," she continues, "if I go with you on this boating expedition, I shall be under your eyes from morning till

night, and you'll see for yourself how good I am. Perhaps you will believe then—and not listen to any stories!"

This last remark was addressed to Mrs. Threepenny-bit, who did not answer. She seemed doubtful about the young lady and her behaviour. However, we had booked Miss Rosslyn for that vagrant voyaging by canals and western rivers—that was the main point gained; and as she was pretty—that is, tolerably pretty—and as she had engaging manners, and as she was certified as possessing no character worth speaking about, all promised excellent well.

CHAPTER II.

"One day there chanced into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest-tossing light;
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night;
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been."

The first difficulty we encountered was to find a suitable name for the noble craft that was to carry us away into those sylvan solitudes. Here are some of the suggestions made to us; and the reasons why we had to decline them:—

Converted Susan. This was the proposal of an ingenious young man who fancied we were going to take an ordinary canal-boat, and adapt it to our present needs; and who intimated that a name of this kind would give a pious air to the undertaking. Of course we refused to sail under false colours.

The Snail. Appropriate, perhaps; but not poetical.

Noah's Ark. Scouted unanimously; we weren't going to have any beasts accompany us.

The Rose of Kentucky. This was a pure piece of sentiment on the part of Mrs. Threepenny-bit; and therefore—and alas!—to be put aside.

The White Swan. This looked more promising; and we even went the length of discussing the decoration of the vessel; and asking whether a little symbolism might not be admissible—say, a golden beak at the prow, or something of that kind.

"Oh! no," says Queen Tita, "I wouldn't have any ornament at all. I would have the boat painted a plain white—a simple plain white, without any scrap of decoration."

"Surely that would be too severe," says the aforementioned youth. "Why, even the old book-worm who sent instructions to his binder: 'Let back and sides go bare, go bare; but you may gild the top edges if you like'—even he wasn't as strait-laced as that." We knew there never was any such old book-worm; and we resented this flippant treatment of a serious subject.

The Water Speedwell, the Water Vole, the White Moth, the Velvet Shoe, the Phantom, the Pholus, the Vagary: all these and a hundred more were examined and rejected; and we were growing desperate, when Miss Peggy Rosslyn, happening to come in one evening, settled the matter in a moment.

"If that is all the trouble," said she, "why not call it 'The Nameless Barge'?"

The Nameless Barge was the very thing we wanted—mysterious, ghost-like, and entirely in keeping with our secret and silent gliding along those solitary highways; and the Nameless Barge we forthwith declared it should be.

Now when we set about the planning and construction of the nondescript floating thing that was to be servicable on both canals and rivers, we were greatly indebted for advice and assistance to a young friend of ours, who has already been incidentally mentioned. His name was Jack Duncombe; he was the son of a wealthy Manchester merchant, who had sent the lad to Harrow and Cambridge; thereafter the young man came to London to study for the Bar, took rooms in the Temple, ate his dinners, and eventually got called. But it was not the law that filled this young man's head, it was the drama; and he had actually succeeded in

getting one small piece produced, which was mercilessly mauled by the critics (of course, a conspiracy to crush aspiring genius!). Busy as Jack Duncombe was, however, with plots and characters and epigrams, he found time for a good deal of idling; and as most of his idling was spent on the Thames, and as he was a universal favourite among riverside families during the summer months, he had acquired an intimate knowledge of all kinds of pleasure-boats. Not only that, but he was an exceedingly clever and handy fellow, and of the most indefatigable good nature; and when he heard of this project of ours, he quite naturally assumed that it was his business to procure for us the very vessel we wanted. Nothing seemed to diminish his unselfish industry and zeal; no obstacle was allowed to stand in his way. Consultations with boat-builders; correspondence with the secretaries of canal companies; laborious comparisons of designs; visits to Lambeth, to Staines, to Kingston; nothing appeared to come amiss to him. And yet one shudders even now to think of that cold river on a January day—the copper-coloured sun behind the milky clouds—the bitter wind coming over the frozen land and blowing harshly down the stream—the shivering conversation on the icicled gangways—the inspection of this dismal house-boat and that one still dismaller. For surely there is nothing in the world more depressing than the appearance of a dismantled house-boat, shorn of its pretty summer adornments, and standing revealed in all its nakedness of damp-smelling wood, faded paint, and rusty metal-work. But our young dramatist was too much occupied to heed this melancholy contrast; he was busy with such things as the height of the cabin, the depth of keel, the quantity of ballast, the arrangement of the pantry, the construction of the berths; and at length, when all our

liquified were over, the commission was finally given; and it was agreed and undertaken that the Nameless Barge, painted a simple white, with no touch of colour or gilding at all, should be ready and waiting for us at Kingston-on-Thames, on May 1, with such stores on board as we might choose to send down beforehand.

Then says the mistress of this household—
“Mr. Duncombe has been so awfully kind and obliging over this affair that we are almost bound to ask him to go with us, if he fail.”

“You know the certain result. Peggy will make a hash of him within the first dozen hours.”

“Oh no, no; this time she has promised to behave; and indeed I don't think she ever means very serious mischief. Besides, if anything were to happen, where would be the harm? That's what I thought when Peggy was with us at Venice, and Mr. Duncombe wrote saying he might perhaps come round that way. Of course, as we don't know the Rosslyn very well, it would be awkward if anything were to come about that they disapproved of while she was under our charge; and one can't easily understand that people who have been very rich, and have lost nearly all their money, may be anxious that their daughter should marry well. I suppose that is natural. But, you see, we are quite safe with Mr. Duncombe, for he will have plenty; and there can be no other objection—he is clever, good-humoured, light-hearted, a favourite everywhere. I'm sure it is not to bring about a match that I suggested we should take either the one or the other; if they only knew, they would remain as they are—Peggy especially, with all the men her slaves, and people ready to pet her wherever she goes. However, as I say, if anything were to happen, I don't see how the old people could disapprove. I suppose Mr. Duncombe will come into a large fortune.”

“You may comfort yourself in one direction. Whatever happens, they won't hold you responsible. They have lived long enough with Miss Peggy to know that she is quite capable of managing her own affairs. She has got a will of her own, has that young woman!”

“I can't understand why you always talk in that invidious way about Peggy,” she says, in rather an injured tone: “you don't act up to it which she is here.”

“Madam, there are such things as the sacred rites of hospitality; and when the representative of a nation allied to us by ties of blood—allied to us by all kinds of things—comes to our shores, of course we receive her as a guest.”

“That's all very well,” she says. “But we meet plenty of Americans; and yet I don't find you cutting a new pair of kid gloves to pieces when they happen to scratch their finger with a needle.”

“Where is the chance? You don't suppose that the Americans, as a nation, are continually scratching their fingers on needle points? However, there is this to be said about asking Jack Duncombe to go with us, that he is a particularly handy fellow who will make himself useful. And Miss Peggy can beam on him if she chooses, by way of reward. Jack is used to that kind of favour, people say.”

Accordingly we asked the budding dramatist to accompany us, and nothing loth was he; for he had always plenty of time on his hands, and ideas in his head, that wanted an abundance of leisure for the proper working of them out. And he would not hear of there being any difficulty about getting a factotum for our house-boat, a jack-of-all-trades, able to cook, and look after the cabins, and take a hand at the tiller when needed.

“Why,” says Queen Tita, “where are you going to get the Admirable Crichton who can steer a boat, and boil potatoes, and black boots, and also wait at table?”

“Oh, that's all right,” the young man said, gaily. “We'll advertise for somebody who has taken Mr. Longfellow's advice, and learned to labour and to wait.”

She did not approve of this levity. She said:—“I think you'd better write to Mr. Gilbert for the address of the sole survivor of the Nancy Bell—the man who was

The cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And the bos'n tight, and the midshipmite
And the crew of the captain's gig—

for short of that I don't see how we are to get along.”
“I will undertake,” says this confident youth, “to get, not one, but all mankind's epitome—a person able to sew on buttons, cook the dinner, and drive the horse when the man falls drunk, as he is sure to do. Leave that to me.”

And then we told him about Peggy Rosslyn going with us.
“I've heard a great deal about that young lady,” said he. “It's odd I've never met her at your house.”

“She spent all last winter in Paris,” Mrs. Threepenny-bit explains. “And since she has come to England, she has been mostly at Bournemouth, where she has some friends.”

“And is she really the adorable angel you all make her out?” he asks, with a certain air of indifference, not to say of incredulity.

“She is a very good girl, and a very nice girl,” says Queen Tita, quietly; for she doesn't like any of her young lady friends to be spoken of in a free-and-easy fashion, especially by young men.

Indeed, the next time Jack Duncombe called to see us, she took occasion to drop a little hint on this subject—in the gentlest possible way, of course. He came in radiant. He had been down to Kingston. The Nameless Barge was nearing completion. He was himself astonished at the amount of accommodation on board, seeing that she had to be constructed so as to enter canal locks and pass under bridges: nay, he was confident of her seagoing qualities, too, when we should have to face the wide waters of the Severn channel. According to him, the project no longer looked merely hopeful: its success was assured. He had discovered how to avoid Birmingham and all similar grimy districts. Our wanderings were to be purely pastoral and peaceful; the Thames, the Severn, the Kennet, the Avon, were to reveal to us their most secret haunts. He promised us that on some still evening—some warm and golden evening—perhaps dying slowly into dusk, and then re-awakening into the splendour and magic of a moonlight night—we should find ourselves moored by a meadow-side, in the dim solitudes of the Forest of Arden.

“Yes,” said he, “all you want now is a motto for the great scheme; and I've got that for you too. A motto!—why, it's a prophecy! Would you believe that Virgil clearly foresaw what you were going to do? Oh, yes, he did—he described it in a single phrase—in the Georgics.”

“And what is it?” Queen Tita asks.

“*Mellague arundinis inferre canalibus*,” he answers, apparently rather proud of his ingenuity.

“And the translation?” she asks again.

“The translation? Oh, that is clear enough. It means ‘To carry Peggy Rosslyn along the reedy canals,’ he answers, as bold as brass.

“Really, now, what a dear, clever old man to have foreseen so much!” she says drily. And then she adds: “I suppose, now, it was the age of the poet that allowed him to speak in that familiar way. I am afraid that with our younger poets—the poets of our own generation—Peggy will have to be known as Miss Rosslyn.”

“Oh, I will treat her respectfully enough, if you mean that,” he says, with promptitude.

And yet even in giving this assurance he had somehow the manner of one conversant with the ways of young women, and accustomed to humour them, and manage them, and patronise them. And, no doubt, looking forward to the long excursion before him, and to the companionship of the young American lady of whom he had heard so much, he considered that it would be his duty to pay her some ordinary civility, and generally to look after her, and befriend her, if only as a little bit of amusement. Poor wretch—poor wretch!

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. H. B. (A Novice).—Don't be disheartened because your first attempt has failed. Try again.

G. A. (City).—We note the correction of Mr. Watt's diagram. Thanks for the trouble you have taken.

F. N. B. (Ware).—Thanks. The games are very acceptable.

NORTH-BAC.—We are obliged for your good wishes and compliments.

PROBLEMS received from G. Heathcote (Manchester)—two.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2278 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal): of No. 2279 from D. McCoy and Columbus; of No. 2280 (see note below).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2281 received from C. E. P. A. C. W. (Dover), P. McCoy, Bernard Reynolds, W. Vernon Arnold, A. Hunter, A. R. C. Oswald, H. E. A. T. G. (Ware), W. Hillier, the Rev. Winfield Cooper, A. C. Hunt, John G. Grant, J. Wyman, E. Casella (Paris), Mrs. W. J. Baird, Carslake W. Wood, L. Sharwood, Ernest Sharswood, Ben. Nevis, J. M. G. Traynor, R. Tweddell, Jupiter Junior, W. N. A. H. Lucas, F. W. Ensor, E. M. Miller, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), C. Darragh, M. J. Shaw, Edinburgh, John Sanders, R. H. Brooks, J. Bryden, G. W. Law, I. De Angeles, J. B. Tucker, Hereward, J. A. Schmucke, George Gouge, James A. Conroy, Emile Frau, Cafe Xavier (Brussels), Lieutenant-Colonel Lorraine, R. Winters, E. E. H. J. R. (Whitley), R. F. N. Banks, Thomas Chown, North-Bac, Colonel Hugh W. Pearson, Major Prichard, E. Louden, A. G. Bagot, Pontypool, W. R. Bailem, J. Greulich, and F. Willis (Lyme).

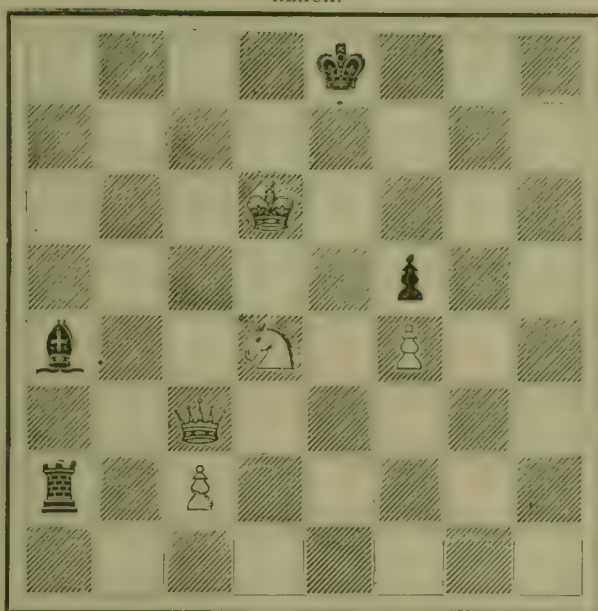
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2280.

NOTE.—The author's proposed solution of this problem commences with 1. Q to R 5th, but he overlooked that Black has a good defence to that attack in 1. Kt to K 4th.

PROBLEM No. 2283.

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Played in the tourney for the prize presented by Mr. Ruskin—a set of his works complete—between Mr. J. I. MINCHIN and “HIBER.”

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK ("Hiber.")	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK ("Hiber.")
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	25. P takes P (ch)	K takes P
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	26. R takes R	K to B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	27. R to B sq (ch)	K to K 4th
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P	28. R to B 7th	R to Q B sq
5. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	29. B to Kt 3rd	K to Q 3rd
6. B to K 2nd	B to B 4th	30. P to B 4th	B to K 5th
7. B to K 3rd	B takes Kt	31. P to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 3rd
8. B takes B	P to K 4th	32. R to B 4th	K to B 4th
Looks very risky for the sake of a Pawn.		33. R to B 2nd	R to K sq
9. B to B 5th	Q to R 4th	34. P to Kt 4th	R to K 2nd
10. Q to Q 6th		35. P to R 4th	K to Kt 5th
10. P to Q Kt 4th seems the best move here.		36. R to Q 4th	K to B 6th
11. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt takes K P	37. R to Q 6th	B to B 2nd
12. P takes Q	Kt takes Q	38. R to Q sq	P to Q R 4th
13. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 5th	39. K to B 3rd	K to Kt 5th
14. B to Q 3rd	Castles	40. R to Q 4th	P to R 5th
15. Kt to Q 5th	R to Q Kt sq	41. P to B 5th (ch)	K to B 6th
Black has got the Pawn, but he has now a very troublesome game to manage.		Capitally played. Taking the Pawn might have lost the game.	
16. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	42. R takes P	P takes P
17. Castles K R	P to Q Kt 3rd	43. B takes B	R takes B (ch)
18. Q R to K sq	P to B 3rd	44. K to K 4th	P to B 5th
19. P to K B 4th	B to Kt 2nd	45. R to B 6th	K to Kt 7th
20. B to B 4th	K to R sq	46. P to Q R 4th	P to B 6th
21. Kt to K 7th	Kt takes Kt	47. R to Kt 6th (ch)	K to B 8th
22. P takes Kt	R to K sq	48. P to Q R 5th	P to B 7th
23. P takes P	R takes P	49. P to B 6th	K to Q 8th
His only resource.		50. R to Q 6th (ch)	K to K 7th
24. P takes P	R takes R	51. P to R 7th	P Queens
		52. P Queens	Q to R 8th (ch), and White resigned.

The French Chess Association announces a problem tourney for three prizes.—First, a diploma of honour and 60f.; second, 40f.; third, 20f. Full particulars can be obtained from M. Arnous De Riviere, 161, Rue Sainte-Honore, Paris.

Mr. Pollock visited the London Banks Chess Club last week and played twenty-one games simultaneously. His score was—eleven won, three drawn, and seven lost. The winners opposed to the master were Messrs. G. H. Challis, G. J. L. Coxhead, G. H. Watson, L. A. Jeans, J. D. Campbell, A. H. Watson, and George Wallace.

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AMATEUR LOCAL PARLIAMENTS.

The last seven years have witnessed, especially in London and its suburbs, a remarkable extension of political debating societies, with the constitutional forms and titles of a Ministry and an organised Opposition party, and with some of the House of Commons' rules of procedure, including divisions for the taking of votes on motions or amendments. It may well be doubted whether this mimicry of Parliamentary methods, which can have no practical result, is an improvement on the old method of simple open and free discussion in the debating clubs that flourished a quarter of a century ago. There is much to be said in favour of the practice of amateur speech-making on questions of public interest, as tending to encourage careful study and research, and the acquisition of knowledge from books and from official documents, as well as from the daily newspapers, while presence of mind, personal dignity, and command of logical thought and correct language are likely to be gained in this intellectual exercise. But all these benefits are equally derived from a simple debate upon some proposition introduced by any member after giving due notice, leaving each of the other members free to express his own individual opinion, and concluding either with a brief recapitulation of the heads of argument on both sides, from notes taken by a judicious chairman, or with a tacit understanding, all round, that they “agree to differ.” They would be more disposed, under those conditions, when they go away, two or three of the recent disputants walking homeward in company, or at their next private meeting, to resume conversation on the subject with a candid willingness to consider the views which had been presented to their minds, or to make a fresh examination of the facts. Voting is only necessary for the purpose of practical legislation, or where an assembly has power to enforce its decisions; it can never be favourable to the discovery of truth, or to habits of mental integrity and sincerity in reasoning, which are infinitely more valuable than dexterity in party pleading. As an instrument of mutual instruction or social education, therefore, we cannot entirely commend the Local Parliament: nor can we regard the ordinary debates of the House of Commons as the best model of fair and truthful argumentative discourse. The increasing popularity, however, of such institutions as the one which is illustrated by our Artist's amusing Sketches, may be due to other motives inherent in human nature, and not of a reprehensible character. Most persons like the excitement of a game played between two opposing sides, in which the sentiment of a common interest with one's partners, colleagues, or allies, is entertained simultaneously with the delightful feeling of a conflict against a similar confederation of opponents. All games so organised become interesting to the players and to the spectators; the hope of victory is then not a selfish, but a social, anticipation of triumph, and the mortification of defeat is consoled by sympathy. Playing at Parliamentary politics, with titular Cabinet offices for the prizes, is a game of this kind in which many hundreds of intelligent youths, and some of middle age or elderly, find acceptable recreation, on appointed evenings, during the Session, meeting probably in the Vestry Hall, or in the large room of the Athenaeum or Lyceum, or whatever best public room there is in the parish. The ladies are, in most of these Local Parliaments, admitted merely as part of the audience; but in the “Charing Cross Parliament,” where our Illustrations were taken, they are prominent speakers, and they sometimes hold important posts in the Ministry; one of them being a lady politician well known to the world outside.

BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTHOOD FOR 1888.

The Jubilee year, with its Peerages, Baronetcies, and Knight-hoods, will be remembered as a notable epoch in very many ways, especially in the annals of the titled classes. The rarity of the Jubilee celebration invested the event with peculiar interest. Sir Bernard Burke tells us that since the Conquest only four Royal Jubilees have occurred—those of Henry III., Edward III., George III., and Queen Victoria. The Jubilee Peers are Lord Londesborough, created an Earl; the Earl of Strathmore and Viscount Galway given peerages of the United Kingdom with seats in the House of Lords; Earl Percy, summoned in his father the Duke of Northumberland's Barony of Lovaine; and the following baronies conferred, viz.—St. Levan, Magheramorne, Armstrong, Basing, De Ramsey, Cheylesmore, and Addington. The Jubilee Baronets are eighteen, viz.—Borthwick, Carden, Clifford, Dalrymple, Evans, Ewart, Gilstrap, Hanson, Holdsworth, Hudson-Kinahan, Lewis, Loder, Lucas, Moon, Northcote, Pearce, Phillips, and Thursby.

During the year the following Peers died: the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Winchester, the Earls of Carnwath, Chesterfield, Iddesleigh, Dalhousie, Longford, Meath, and Winchelsea, Viscounts Doneraile, Lifford, and Lyons, and Lords Bagot, Clermont, Delamere, De Ramsey, De Tabley, Gerard, Hawke, Hindlip, Kinnaird, Lovat, Northwick, St. John of Bletsho, Saye and Sele, and Wolverton. Viscount Lyons and Lord Northwick having died without issue, their peerages have become extinct.

Twenty-six Baronets died during the same period, viz.: Briggs, Broke-Middleton, Dalrymple, Domville, Duckworth, Elphinstone, Filmer, Grace, Guise, Hamilton, Hamner Harvey, Head, Home-Spiers, Hort, Jervis-White-Jervis, King, Medleycott, Miller, Ogle, Paulet, Van Notten-Pole, Green-Price, Whitworth, Wilmot-Horton, and Young. Briggs, Broke-Middleton, Duckworth, Paulet, and Whitworth are extinct.

Numerous as have been these creations, and numerous the other incidents in the Peerage and Baronetage, this new edition, enlarged and improved, keeps pace with them all, and still forms, as it has long been considered, the great authority on all matters connected with the history and the existing state of the upper classes. No country in Europe has a similar record of its nobility.

The Maharajah of Darbhanga, in Bengal, has established a hospital and dispensary for female patients near his ancestral seat in the district of Darbhanga, Behar, and is erecting new quarters for its accommodation at a cost of 55,000 rupees, in connection with Lady Dufferin's Medical Aid for Women Fund. To those who can remember India as it was some twenty or thirty years ago, this novel form of benefaction will serve as a striking reminder of the great social changes that have taken place in that country during the period that India has been “the India of the Queen.” It is also one of many illustrations that recent mails have brought home of the firm hold that the movement for medical aid to the women of India, inaugurated by the Countess of Dufferin, and specially encouraged by her Majesty the Queen, has taken on the imagination and sympathies of the princes and people of India. Probably few persons in this country, however, will be aware that this liberal and enlightened gift is only the latest, and one of the least considerable, of a long series of philanthropic acts on the part of this great Hindoo noble, which have been on a scale of magnificence hardly ever equalled.

Some Rough Sketches of the Charing Cross Parliament

Her first Speech in the "House"



Home
Secretary



Some of the
Members sitting on
the
Socialist
Benches



An em-
ployer
of Labour
on
the 8 hour
Question



Catching the
Speaker's
Eye!



VISITORS





LOST IN LONDON.

BY T. W. COULTERY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1887) of the Right Hon. Emma, Baroness Baring, late of Honingham, Norfolk, widow, who died on Nov. 10 last, was proved on Dec. 24 by the Hon. Ailwyn Edward Fellowes, M.P., one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her property to the Hon. Ailwyn Edward Fellowes, who is a younger son of the late Baron De Ramsey.

The will (dated July 30, 1886), with two codicils (dated Sept. 6 and Sept. 30, 1887), of Mr. Hugh M'Calmont, late of No. 9, Grosvenor-place, Hyde Park; No. 122, Cannon-street, E.C.; and Abbeylands, Antrim, Ireland, who died on Oct. 9 last, was proved on Dec. 29 by Henry John Gardner, Francis Medland Phillips, Thomas Wilde Powell, and Harry Leslie Blundell M'Calmont, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £3,121,000. The testator bequeaths £100,000 to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner; £5000 to the charities in Belfast and the neighbourhood, to be distributed at the discretion of his executors, but avoiding those of a political or religious character; £1000 to Captain James Martin M'Calmont, who is already provided for; £5000 each to his clerks, Henry James Gardner, Medland Phillips, and John J. F. Fell; £1000 a year to his executors, Henry James Gardner, Francis Medland Phillips, and Thomas Wilde Powell, for seven years, or such a time as the trusts of his will continue; his house, "Abbeylands," and all his freehold estate in the county of Antrim, to Colonel Hugh M'Calmont, C.B.; his house, No. 9, Grosvenor-place, with the furniture, pictures, and effects, and £2000 per annum, to his grand-nephew, Lieutenant Harry Leslie Blundell M'Calmont, Scots Guards, for the period of seven years, upon the conditions of his not incurring or letting the same; and large legacies to servants and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trusts, for accumulation for seven years after his death, and at the expiration of that time for Lieutenant Harry Leslie Blundell M'Calmont.

The will (dated May 21, 1887) of Sir Philip Edmond Wodehouse, K.C.B., late of Queen Anne's-mansions, Westminster, who died on Oct. 25 last, was proved on Dec. 23 by Edmond Robert Wodehouse, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £67,000. The testator leaves all his property to his son, Edmond Robert Wodehouse, absolutely.

The will (dated June 11, 1887), with two codicils (dated July 29 and Oct. 28, 1887), of Mr. William Cannon, late of Northfield, Prince's Park, Liverpool, who died on Nov. 24 last, was proved on Dec. 27 by Mrs. Elizabeth Scott Cannon, the widow and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £67,000. The testator gives £400, his household furniture and effects, all his freehold estates in Scotland, and two annuities of £900 and £20 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott Cannon; and numerous legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to three sixths thereof to his sister, Margaret Mordaunt; one sixth to the children of Mary Scott Elsworth; and the remaining two sixths to his nieces, Elizabeth Williamson, Margaret Lee Williamson, and Jane Newby, in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation under the Seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Nov. 27, 1873), with a codicil thereto (dated June 19, 1886), of James Anderson, formerly of Atlantic Mills, Bridgeton, Glasgow, but late of Marlboro'-terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow, manufacturer,

who died on Nov. 16 last, granted to James Finlay Elder, Mrs. Agnes Campbell Willison or Anderson, John Anderson, junr., Robert Gourlay, Alexander Willison, and John Kidston, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £64,000.

The will (dated April 22, 1880), with a codicil (dated April 4, 1884) of the Right Hon. Alexander James Beresford Beresford-Hope, P.C., J.P., D.L., D.C.L., LL.D., late of Bedgebury Park, Kent, and Arklow House, Connaught-place, who died on Oct. 20 last, was proved on Dec. 22, by the Marquis of Salisbury, Alban George Henry Gibbs, and Philip Beresford Beresford-Hope, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £63,000. The testator gives legacies to his executors, to the school at Sheen, Staffordshire; and in augmentation of the stipend of the Vicar of Sheen. Portions are provided for his daughters and his younger son. The portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Marshal Viscount Beresford is to be held as a heirloom with the Bedgebury estate. All his real estate in Staffordshire (including the adowson of Sheen), Derbyshire, Kent, and Sussex, and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son, who, under the will of his mother, Viscountess Beresford, shall succeed at his death to the Bedgebury estate. The gifts to his wife, Lady Mildred Arabella Beresford-Hope, fail by her death in his lifetime.

The will (dated April 12, 1879), with two codicils (dated April 19, 1883, and April 21, 1886), of Mr. Charles Dingwall, formerly of Portley, Caterham, but late of Knollys Croft, Leigham Court-road, Streatham, who died on Nov. 11 last, was proved on Dec. 24 by Mrs. Julia Blanche Dingwall, the widow, John Dingwall, and Charles Arthur Dingwall, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator gives all his furniture and household effects to his wife, Mrs. Julia Blanche Dingwall, and legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his children, share and share alike.

The will (dated March 24, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 28, 1887), of the Rev. Lionel Oliver Bigg, late of Crowhurst, Surrey, who died on Nov. 16 last, was proved on Dec. 22 by Herbert Meade-King and Henry Hamilton Palaret, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. With the exception of a few legacies, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his brother, Edward Arthur Bigg, for life; at his death he bequeaths £5000 to his nephew, Lionel Palaret; £2500 each to Evelyn Palaret, Richard Palaret, and Edith Palaret; £1000 to his god-daughter, Alice Lea; and £2000 to the Pusey Library, at Oxford. The residue of his property he leaves to the children of his brother, Edward Arthur Bigg.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariat of Forfar, of the trust disposition and settlement of the Right Hon. William Maule Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie and Baron Ramsay of Kerington and Glenmark, K.T., who died at Havre on Nov. 25 last, granted to the Right Hon. Robert Adam Philips Duncan Haldane, Earl of Camperdown, and Harry Cheyne, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £11,000.

The Grocers' Company have granted £100 to the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, in response to Mr. Goschen's appeal.

"LOST IN LONDON."

A frequent and touching experience of Londoners who walk much about the streets, in populous neighbourhoods, is that of meeting a little child which has lost its way, having either strayed too far from the parents' home or escaped from the care of an older person with whom it has come out. Even a mother will sometimes relax her vigilance while bargaining in a shop or gossiping with a neighbour; and will unwarily let the infant slip out of her sight, to be hustled along by the crowd of passengers, and to drift round street corners in any direction. After five minutes, pursuit will become almost impossible, unless the child has been observed and watched; from the first, by someone going the same way; and it is some time before the innocent vagrant, ceasing to be amused by the people and by the carriages and horses, stops to consider its situation. Then, indeed, it never dares to speak to any stranger and to ask for help, but stands and cries, a figure of piteous desolation, till three or four women and children listen to the wailing lament, and begin gently to ask questions, which receive no intelligible answer. What can a lady make of it, who comes from her shopping in Tottenham-court-road, and immediately finds a little girl of three years wandering up and down there, utterly forlorn, unable to give any report of her family beyond "Mammy" and "Sissy," or to describe the street, the alley, or the court where they dwell? "Back o' Fishney's" was all the account of the home locality that could be got from one rather precocious urchin, who was met in Camden Town, nearly a mile and a half away from where his parents lived in Seven Dials, and who owned for himself no other name than "Billy." In such cases, there is but one thing to be done, and that is to call the nearest policeman, who will have great pleasure in taking the child into custody, and leading him to the police-station. It is an agreeable relief from the monotony of the policeman's ordinary beat, and the sergeant and others on duty at the station will be equally pleased, the former being, in all likelihood, a family man, with little boys and girls of his own. A cup of coffee and bread-and-butter or cake will soon be provided, with a low seat near the fireside; while messages will be sent, within two hours, communicating the fact to every police-station in the adjacent districts, at which the child's friends are expected to make inquiries. It may be late at night, or not until next morning, that the mother or the father comes to assert their parental claim, and to recover their lost offspring; but there is no fear of any other than kind and tender treatment while in charge of those good fellows of the Metropolitan Police.

Princess Frederica, Baroness Von Pawel-Rammingen, has consented to act as one of the patronesses of the fancy-dress ball to be held on Feb. 9 at the Hôtel Métropole in aid of the funds of the North London or University College Hospital.

At the annual meeting of the board of management of the Commercial Travellers' Schools the report shows that the total income for the year was £11,577, or a decrease of more than £1000. The anniversary dinner was held on Dec. 28, when the subscriptions amounted to £2900.

The forty-eighth annual issue of "Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland" for 1888 has just been published. The merits of this volume as a convenient and trustworthy book of reference are well known, and the editor has succeeded in making this edition worthy of its traditional reputation.

JAY'S
PERIODICAL SALE.

MESSRS. JAY trust it is unnecessary to refer to the high-class quality of the goods for which their house has been so well known since its establishment in 1840.

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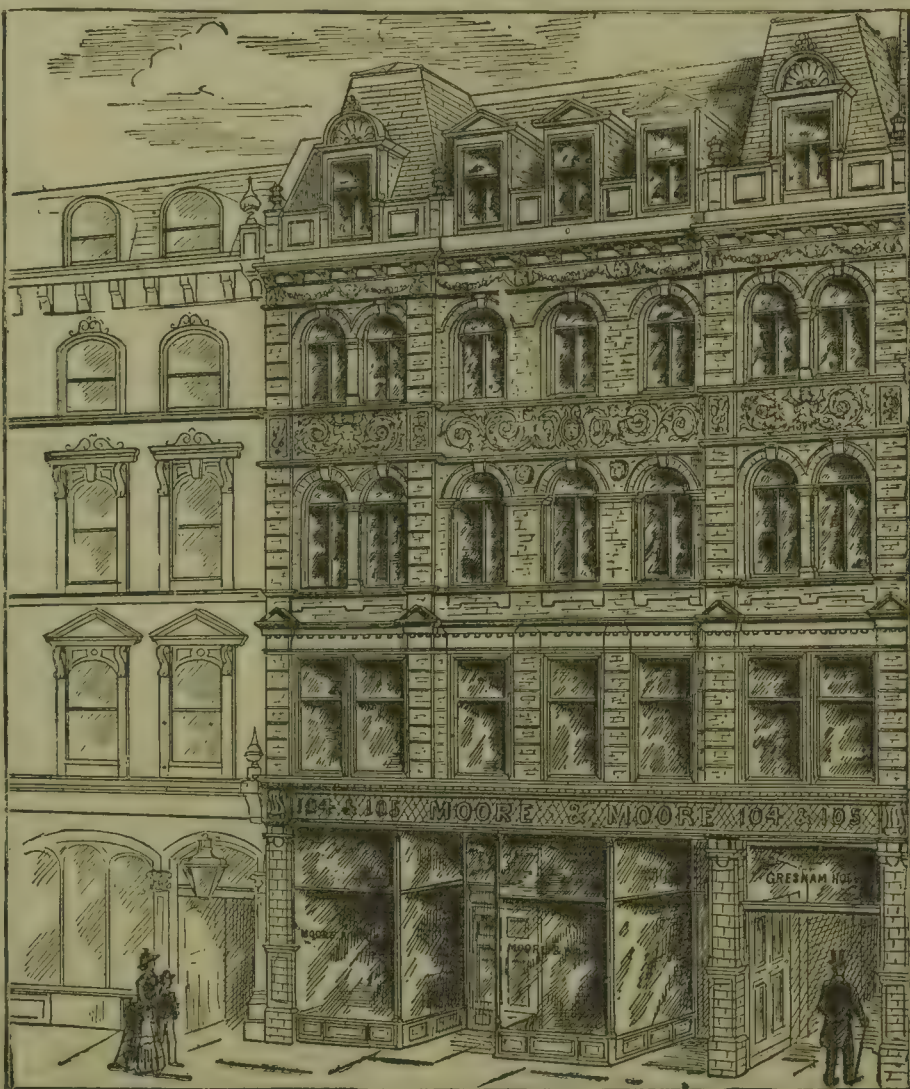
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IMPROVEMENTS IN BISHOPSGATE: MESSRS. MOORE & MOORE, PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS.

Architectural improvement is making amends in Bishopsgate, as in some other parts of the City of London, for the unavoidable removal of many picturesque and interesting old buildings. One of the best recent examples is the handsome structure newly erected from designs by Messrs. Chatfield Clarke and Son, architects, at 104 and 105, Bishopsgate Within, for Messrs. Moore and Moore, pianoforte manufacturers, a firm established half a century ago by two brothers, who then were journeymen with very little capital, and whose sons have carried on the fathers' business. They won a prize medal for the cheapness and quality of their pianofortes at the South Kensington International Exhibition of 1885. Their first establishment was at 138, Bishopsgate Without, from which they removed to the present site, and here occupied an ancient Elizabethan building, perhaps contemporary with the neighbouring Crosby Hall, or

with the adjacent mansion of Sir Thomas Gresham. The new building, shown in our illustration, is of red brick with red stone dressings; it has a front in the Italian style of architecture, with a decorated frieze between the third and fourth storeys, and is ornamented with heads of eminent musical composers; the top-storey has dormer windows boldly projecting; the pilasters rising to the first floor are faced with glazed faience tiles of a dark reddish brown colour. With the basement, there are six floors in the principal building in front, and four floors in a separate building in the rear, which consists of workshops, not for the manufacture of pianos, but for the final "touching up" and regulating that the instruments require. The premises will allow for the exhibition of over 300 pianofortes and American organs—many more than in the old premises. At the end furthest from the street is a music-room.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1884.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866.—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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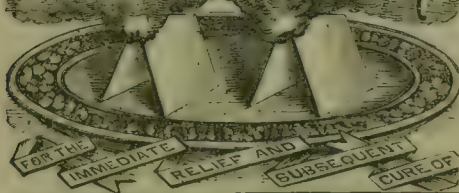
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ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XII. PENSHURST PLACE.



1. Corner View, with old church in the distance.

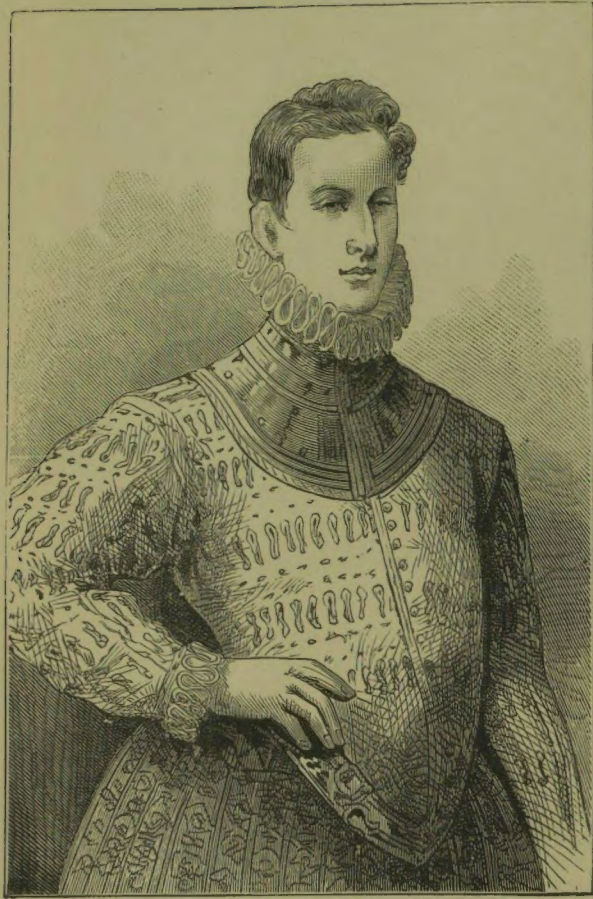
2. The Front Entrance.

3. Side View.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XII.

Penshurst.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And (these grudged at) art reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.

SO, in his solid way, Ben Jonson sang the praises of the old castle near Tunbridge. It was old even in his day, and famous in virtue of the great family who dwelt there, of its own stately beauty, and of its ancient and delightful park.

The story goes that even in the time of the Conqueror there were Penshursts living at Penshurst Castle; and it is certain that a family named Penshurst or Penchester held rule here when Edward I. was King. The effigy of Sir Stephen De Penchester is still to be seen in the parish church; nor was the power of the family merely parochial, for its head was more than once Constable of Dover Castle and Warden of the Cinque Ports.

In the roll of the owners of Penshurst one finds many of the most famous of English names—the names, that is, which tell of the longest lineage and the bluest blood. Here were blazoned, after the Penchesters had passed away, the arms of Pulteney, Devereux, Bohun, and Fane; of the Dukes of Gloucester and of Buckingham, and of the Earl of Warwick; and, lastly, of the Sidneys, to whom and their inheritors, the Shelleys, the castle has belonged ever since the reign of Edward VI. Everywhere on its walls one sees the badges of these ancient houses—the broad arrow, the porcupine, the famous Dudleys' bear and ragged staff.

The oldest part of Penshurst now standing dates from the middle of the fourteenth century; and its builder was Sir John De Pultney, a rival of Dick Whittington, for he was four times Lord Mayor of London. No wonder that this worthy citizen desired to have his battlemented castle, and everything handsome about him; but for this, in those days, it was needful to have license of the King. So, in the fifteenth year of Edward III., Sir John applied for and obtained permission to have his house crenellated. Mr. J. H. Parker, in a lecture on Penshurst given at Penshurst itself, remarks that "in England alone the battlement" (no doubt originating for the purpose of actual defence) was "commonly used as an ornament in all sorts of situations." But that Sir John meant his outer battlements for serious use there is little question, especially as half a century later, in the sixteenth year of Richard II., a licence was granted to Sir John Devereux, then the owner, to further strengthen and enlarge the house. This reign was one of the stormiest in Kentish history; and Devereux had, no doubt, good reason for his precautions.

A century and a half after Sir John Devereux—the Bohuns and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, having come and gone—the last private owner before the Sidneys held rule at Penshurst. This was Sir Ralph Fane, upon whose execution for treason in the reign of Edward VI. the estate passed to the Crown.

But Edward was not such a swallower of estates as his father, Henry, and in less than a year gave Penshurst to a brave soldier, Sir William Sidney, who had commanded a wing of the English army at Flodden and was there created a knight banneret for valiant service in the field. Sidney already had a house in the parish of Penshurst; his descendants have dwelt at the castle ever since, though the male line became extinct about the middle of the last century.

Sir William's successor was Sir Henry—"of virtuous father virtuous son"—who added largely to the castle. He built the tower over the gateway of the main entrance, and recorded upon it (in an inscription bearing date 1585, still to be seen there) King Edward's gift of "this House of Penchester, with the Mannors, Landes, and Appertenances there unto belonging unto his treystye and well beloved servant Sir William Sydney, Knight Bannoret, serving him from the tyme of his Birth unto his Coronation in the Offices of Chamberlayne and Straerde of his Household."

Sir Henry was a man of the highest note. He was educated with Edward VI.—who died in his arms—and was much in favour with both Mary and Elizabeth. He was four times Lord, Chief Justice of Ireland, and thrice Deputy Governor; he was Lord President of the Marches of Wales; and moreover won great honour as a soldier, in Ireland especially. He married Mary Dudley, the daughter (and, eventually, the heiress) of John, Duke of Northumberland; and of this union of the two great houses there were three famous children born—Philip Sidney, Robert, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and Mary, the "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother" of Jonson's noble epitaph.

Sir Henry died in 1586, at Ludlow; and, by Elizabeth's command was buried in great state at Penshurst. Before this, his daughter had left her home for Wilton House—she married the Earl of Pembroke, though Spenser long afterwards spoke of her first as "sister unto Astrophel" (Sidney). He names her Urania—

In whose brave mind, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
More rich than pearls of Ynde, or gold of Opher.

The name of Philip Sidney strikes like a note of sadness among the pleasant memories of Penshurst. One feels as if England were still mourning the hero, the young poet, wise and brave, who died at Zutphen. All Europe deplored him. The Dutch begged that his body might be allowed to rest in their country, where it had fallen; the English refused—

It was too much he lost his life, his corpse they would not leave,
says a poet of the day, who describes the stately funeral, the mourning of the nation and the Queen for "the jewel of her time"—

Unto the Minorities his body was conveyed,
And there, under a martial hearse, three monthes or more was layd.

Many other poets (so this one tells us) joined in the universal lamentation:—

The Kynde of Scottes bewray'd his griefe, in good and learned verse,
And many more their passions penn'd, with praise to deck his hearse.

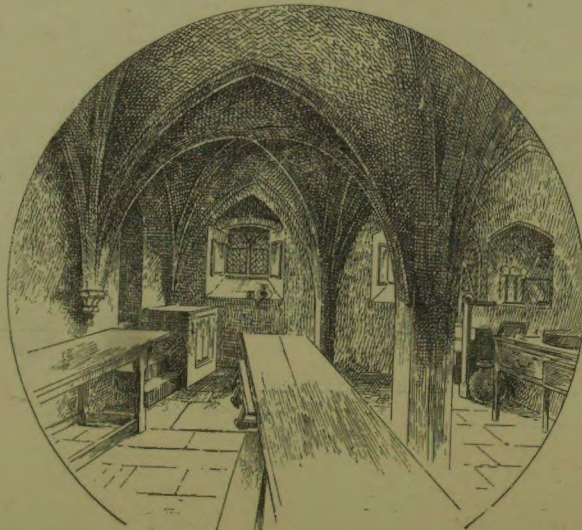
And it had been strange indeed if this were not so, for Penshurst has always been "a nest of singing-birds." Sidney himself was, of course, one of the first of the Court poets, in those days when every gentleman turned his sonnet. Ben Jonson, we have seen, catalogued with his customary diligence the beauties of the place, and in one of his brief and splendid inspirations made its fairest daughter immortal. The chief and special poet of Penshurst was Waller, of whom more by-and-by; and the house itself, by way of a most fitting end, came finally to belong to no other family than that of the Bysshe Shelleys! It is true that no house more than Penshurst deserves the praise of poets; yet we must count it for luck, in this world, when houses or men get their deserts.

The poet-owner of the place had but a short possession of it. Philip Sidney died only five months after he had inherited it from his father; and in his stead his brother Robert reigned, very worthily. He gained for the family many dignities. James I., on his accession, gave him the title of Baron Sidney of Penshurst; three years later he made him Viscount Lisle; and but a year after this created him Earl of Leicester. Robert died in 1626, and was buried in Penshurst church.

It is with a certain emphasis that all historians tell us that Robert Sidney married Barbara Gamage of Glamorganshire; there is even to this day a clump of trees, four limes of sturdy figure, which marks the spot where stood Barbara Gamage's bower, and where she was wont to feed the deer. I have not, I candidly admit, been able to discover that Barbara Gamage of Glamorganshire was anybody very particular; but there is a quaint respectability about her name which is perhaps the reason why historians have so unhesitatingly recorded it.

The second Earl (Robert, the son of Robert) was less known to fame than either his father or his children. He married Dorothy Percy, one of the Percies of Northumberland; and of their family a son and a daughter left names not yet forgotten. Algernon Sidney was as brave as Philip, and his end more unhappy. He fought for his country against his King; he was on the jury which condemned Charles to death, and though he was not present when the sentence was pronounced he afterwards defended it. Under the Commonwealth he retired to Penshurst, and there wrote his "Discourses upon Government." After the Restoration he was pardoned by Charles II., but in 1683 was accused of being concerned in the Rye House Plot, found guilty, and executed. One is glad to know that one of the first acts of the Revolution was to reverse his attainder, and free from the shadow of blame one of the noblest of the Sidneys. He was buried, it is believed, in Penshurst church; but no monument to him is there.

His sister Dorothy, or Dorothea, if not the most beautiful woman of her time, at least had her beauty the most surely immortalised; for it won her the heart of Edmund Waller, who spent at Penshurst a great deal of his time and some very fine eloquence (fired, I think, by a little real enthusiasm) in praising her charms, and wooing her, entirely in vain. He



THE OLD DINING-ROOM.

asked the beeches to tell her that if they were all burnt in one bonfire it "could not equalise the hundredth part of what her eyes had kindled in his heart;" but even if the beeches delivered this ardent message (which is perhaps improbable) it had no effect whatever.

He worshipped long, but "Sacharissa"—as his sugary muse christened her—was obdurate. He wrote poems about herself, her pictures, her girdle; about Penshurst—two, indeed, are merely christened "At Penshurst." Even, as extreme measures, he wrote verses to her younger sister and her bosom friend. Sacharissa accepted his homage, but she married another man—two other men, indeed, successively: the Earl of Sunderland and Mr. Robert Smith, of the little village of Bidborough, just by her birthplace.

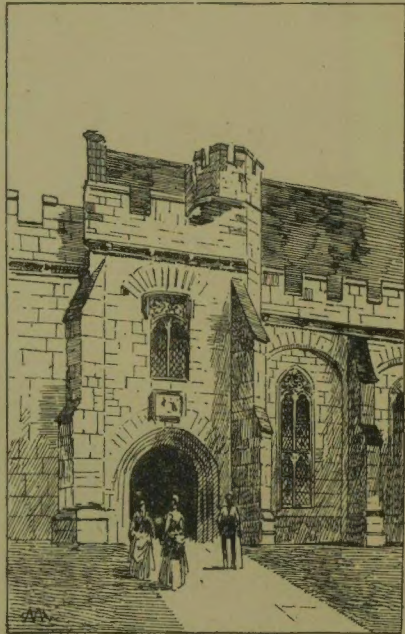
Waller wept; told the beeches and one particular oak of his sufferings; wrote poems to other beauties; married one of them, and brought up a large family; and when, after many years, he met his old love, and she asked, "When, Mr. Waller, will you write such fine verses upon me again?" had sufficient wit and want of kindness to answer, "Oh, Madam, when your Ladyship is as young again."

The direct line of the great house of Sidney died out, sadly, with the seventh Earl, Jocelyn, an imbecile, with whom the earldom became extinct. The estates descended, by a daughter, to the Perry family; and, again by a daughter, to the Shelleys. Sir Bysshe Shelley married the heiress; and his descendants, who assumed the name of Sidney, still hold the estate. The present owner is Philip Sidney, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley.

Penshurst Place is in the delightful corner of Kent that is near the junction of Surrey and Sussex—perhaps forty miles from London. Half an hour's walk from Penshurst station, up a narrow country road, with varying views of the Kentish hills, and past Redleaf—a beautiful country seat, whose lovely gardens and trees of every green border the road as it crests the hill—and you reach the little ivy-covered cottage, with its dark-red roof, by which is the entrance to Penshurst Park. Pass through a little swing-gate—such as in Suffolk is called a "kissing-gate," in Buckingham a "pip-pop"—and you have at once the finest view of the park, which sweeps down before you to the great house.

To the left gleams a chalk cutting, backed by the long line of trees on the highest ridge in the park. Straight before one a group of tall trees stands up among the bracken, and far away is a background of

dark, fir-clad hill, with a clearing showing lighter here and there. To the right, the ground sweeps down, an open space of grass burnt brown and bare in the summer of this springless year. Just without the park runs the white road, and you see, through the trees and over the hedge, the heads of the carter's going by. Past these trees, that line the western side of the park, there goes a little path by the fern and across the open to the house—which looks from this distance more of the long, low dwelling-house, less of the castle, than it shows from other and nearer points of view. Behind it are the church and the village, and away beyond them the hill-side rises—Bidborough Ridge, from whose heights one has the finest views in Kent.



EXTERIOR OF THE OLD GUARD-ROOM.

The park of Penshurst was anciently a very large one, twelve miles in circuit, it is said; but it is much smaller now. Walking down-hill to the house, a sea of bracken lies on one's right, breast-high, and away to the left is the dense dark mass of trees that shelter the beautiful old Lancup well—a long, shadowy pond, all overgrown with weed and water-lily. Close by there still stands the old tree called Sidney's Oak (or, by some, Bear's Oak) which, tradition says, was planted at Philip Sidney's birth, and which is, at any rate, extremely old and weatherworn. Both Jonson and Waller speak of this tree, or its predecessor.

A lonely ancient tree that lifts its withered arms in the midst of the grassy plain is even more striking than Sidney's Oak; and the park has several old avenues, though the wind has for the most part marred their completeness. None lead directly to the house, unless we count the famous Sacharissa's Walk, which takes you to the eastern corner of the north front. The two rows of lofty beeches which form this ancient avenue are divided by a path so narrow that in summer their mingling leaves make it impossible to see far along it—unless one is content to see on one's knees—and only the midday sun can shine through them in a glory of green light.

In a little plain, of gravel on this northern side, elsewhere of smooth grass, there stands out the great group of building which is Penshurst: a quadrangle enclosing a courtyard, with two projecting wings to north-east and south-west which partly enclose minor courts.

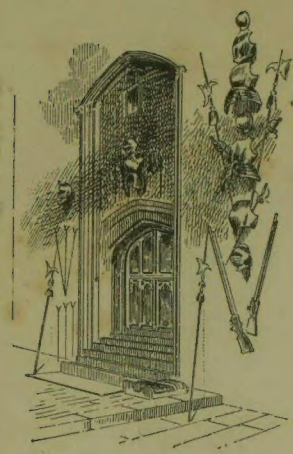
A low, winding wall, with a little fosse, goes round the main north front of the house. It is a long, castellated building of grey stone, in two storeys, with a tower a storey higher in the middle, and at the east end a square tower covered with ivy; indeed, all of this end, which is new, is ivy-clad, while the older parts are bare—an ingenious plan which avoids the too apparent clashing of dates. Nothing can look older than ivy; and the windows, which are barely to be seen through it, have all the air of amazing antiquity.

In this great building and its appendages we have the complete castle of old days: a whole in itself, and not merely such a part of a whole as is a modern house, even the largest country "mansion." Here is the great quadrangle, the centre of the life of the place, now generally silent as the shadow of its high walls on the grass; with a wall across it, dividing off the lesser court, into which opened stables and kitchens, and wherein was carried on the work of the house. Overlooking the quadrangle was the great hall, where was ample space for my lord to dine with all my lord's retainers, and all the squires and henchmen of all his guests. Behind this lay the inner and more retired courtyard, overlooking the garden: a pleasant walking-place in winter, sheltered from all sides but the south. Along the full length of the south front, and reaching further eastwards, are flower and fruit gardens, on a lower level than the house and courts; and, close to the

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XII.



PENSHURST PLACE, THE SEAT OF LORD DE L'ISLE AND DUDLEY.



DOOR LEADING FROM THE GUARD-ROOM TO THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS.

south-west corner of the house, the quaint old church. Nestling close beneath church and castle, for shelter and for mutual convenience, is the cosy village, with its red-roofed, timbered houses, and a curious broad archway, of dark wood, through whose shade one passes out from the small churchyard. By the low-lying river Medway, that skirts the park, lie the farms that supplied the castle with food and clothing: as Jonson notes in his poem—

The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.

And thus, with the travelling pedlar now and then, to bring his stock of finery and little useful things (and the last

ballads, and news from the great city not a day's ride away), here was the life of a little world complete.

And at Penshurst, though much has been added, rebuilt, or (in the modern sense of the word) "restored" of late years; yet on the whole the house has merely grown—as a true house should—with the growth of its inmates, and changed with their changes, so that it is in some sense a picture of their history: this wing being added by such an Earl, for such a purpose—these fortifications showing that the dread of Wat Tyler was over Kent at the time of their building. In the main, we have still here the great fortified house which was the first step from the mere stronghold in which the earliest Barons had to shut themselves up. Here there is no keep, nor any trace of one; the first building in the place must have been all of wood, and earlier than the earliest Norman towers.

We have seen that the centre tower of the north front—the gate-house—was built by Henry Sidney, in 1585; the old foundation, on which it was raised—said to date from 1226—is still visible, and is about 3 ft. high. The rest of this front was rebuilt in 1852. Here, as elsewhere throughout the castle, are heraldic bearings on the walls; the Sidneys had the excellent habit of placing either one of these or an inscription on each new building, so the entire place may be accurately dated.

Through the ancient doors of the entrance-tower we pass into the great quadrangle; a beautiful place, its beauty increased fiftyfold by the fact that all seems plain, serviceable, real. It glows with colour—the warm green of the shadowed grass, broken only by a stone walk from the gate-house to the great doorway opposite; the red brick of the western end, built in the fashion commonly christened after Queen Anne, with dark ivy climbing up one corner thereof; the grey, buttressed walls of the Barons' Hall, and of the newer side that faces it—relieved by a mass of the richest purple clematis; the sombre green of a Spanish chestnut that overhangs the wall dividing the quadrangle from the minor yard beyond; and the background, darker yet, of the heavy ivy that cloaks the towered end rising beyond this wall—that north-east tower which we have seen from the front.

Over the deep doorway of the hall is the porcupine crest of the Sidneys; beneath, there are very ancient wood-covered seats built in the stone wall. The ceiling of the doorway is of the beautiful fan pattern, and the tracery (like that of the window-heads in the hall) is of an uncommon design—a kind of quatrefoil—called the Kentish. The old wooden door has a smaller door cut in it; and at the other end of the passage running from it, along the end of the Barons' Hall, to the inner quadrangle, there are similar greater and lesser doors.

There is, I believe, no hall in the kingdom like this at Penshurst for size and antiquity. We have here the actual dining-hall of a Baron of the days of Edward III., just as it was when he and his retainers dined in it, save only for the rushes that bestrewed the floor, and the smoke-louvre, or hole in the ceiling, which did duty for a chimney. The great octagon fireplace is still here, in the middle of the hall, with logs of wood piled on the iron fire-dogs four or five feet long. The immense height of the hall—about fifty-four feet—was, no doubt, meant to allow the smoke to rise well above the heads of the diners, before it found its leisurely way through the louvre; but the vast place must have been horribly cold. It is said that now, when the hall is sometimes lent for a concert, even on a summer evening the hearers' teeth chatter an accompaniment to the music. On a winter night, the lord sitting behind his table on the dais must have needed all the warmth of the "little foot-page," whose duty was doubtless what his name implies—to cherish in his bosom his master's frozen feet.

The dais, which is raised only one low step above the rest of the plain brick floor, projects some 16 ft. into the room at the end of the hall furthest from the outer doorway. Here sat my lord and his chief guests, at the great table of plain wood still in its place, in size some 18 ft. by 3 ft.; and down the sides of the hall are the tables and benches of the retainers, rather high, and perfectly plain but for some rude ornamentation cut on the surface of the tables. In his very full and interesting description of the hall, Parker tells us that these seats and tables were, "if not contemporaneous with it, certainly among the earliest pieces of furniture in England: the trestles or legs have every appearance of belonging to the time of Edward III., having decorated mouldings."

There is an open timber roof of very fine design, "not to be found," says Parker, "anywhere out of England"; and windows with decorated tracery and crossed with transoms, embattled—"again essentially English." Curious figures of the lame, the halt, and the blind support the roof.

At both ends of the dais are staircases, leading to upper rooms: the one on the left going to the State apartments, that on the right to the more modern rooms. By the side of the first is a door leading to the ancient cellar. "There were always two chambers, one over the other, behind the dais. The upper room was the lord's chamber, and from it there was usually a lookout into the hall." And here is still my lord's window, whence he could check any disturbance if his henchmen grew too noisy over their home-brewed ale.

The minstrels' gallery—its black wood panelling very fine, and still perfect but for one square, which has been removed—is at the lower end of the hall; and beneath it the passage from outer door to door. This was the passage commonly parted off from the great hall by a "screen," and consequently called "the screens"; in it was the place for washing the hands before dinner, and three side doors, "according to the general custom of the age, one leading to the battery, or place for giving out the beer or other drinks; and another to the pantry, where the bread and other dry stores are given out, except the meat, which came direct from the kitchen, by a passage between the buttery and pantry."

Upon the walls hang arms and armour, ancient and modern.

There are many complete suits of armour, and leather caps of the time of Cromwell, and the swords of the Kentish yeomanry; and, in the place of honour, behind the lord's seat, the very helmet of Philip Sidney, with its porcupine crest. There are old spears, too, covered with velvet, the brass-headed nails of which are black with time; and great stags' horns upon the wall, over the lord's table; and nothing in the place that strikes one as modern, unless it be the harmless necessary foot-scraper.

Leaving this wonderful old hall, we go up a stone staircase, perhaps as old, to the main suite of the ancient State rooms—"the grandest," says Horace Walpole. "I have seen in any of these old palaces." They were long neglected and uninhabitable; but have of late years been carefully put into order throughout.

Of the main suite of State apartments, the first is the ancient ball-room, now the great dining-room, still used on very grand occasions; the last guest who dined here was, I believe, the Prince of Wales. About fifteen years ago this room was restored; but it has still the old panelling, the old peep-hole into the hall below, and the old, very curious and graceful chandeliers of cut glass, the gift of Queen Elizabeth. Best of all, the old pictures hang round the walls—two are of Algernon Sidney (one with the Tower shown ominously in the background): a quiet, sad face, certainly not of any striking power, one would say. One of the Penshurst portraits of Philip Sidney is here, too, but not the most interesting; nor does the picture of Dorothea do any kind of justice to her great beauty—it shows her a plump, self-satisfied, well-looking damsel, and little more. Kneller's portraits of William and Mary are in this room; and many others—of which Walpole unkindly says: "There are loads of portraits, but most of them seem christened by chance, like children at a foundling hospital."

Next is Queen Elizabeth's drawing-room, a stately chamber, with beams across the white ceiling, and furniture of which much dates from the days of the Virgin Queen—there is, indeed, some of her own needlework on a card-table. The Elizabethan furniture is of gold and white—somewhat faded, naturally, with the wear of three centuries; the very fine chairs and table of ebony are later, and an ebony cabinet, with paintings by Wouvermans and others, is said to have been a present from James I. (Some over-critical minds may object that Wouvermans was only five years old when James died; but this is not the spirit in which traditions should be examined. Wouvermans may have begun early.)

Among the portraits in this room the quaintest is certainly that of the brothers Philip and Robert Sidney, in clothes puffed and padded as were the garments of boys of that day. These two are in their early schooldays; but with stiffened legs and distorted arms they look less boylike than a little Eton boy in his tall hat—which is saying a good deal.

There is another picture of Robert, grown-up, in which his hair has finally decided for uncompromising red—a colour which one notices more or less down all the line of Sidney. Red hair and energy are generally thought to go together; and in this great family, at all events, the examples certainly tend to prove the rule.

Other portraits are those of Rembrandt, painted by himself; of Queen Mary, and of Mary of Medici; of the redoubtable Barbara Gamage and her family of half-a-dozen—a curious work; and of Prince Rupert (who was hidden here from the Parliamentary troops, according to tradition), and his black slave. Near the door, as one passes into the next room, one sees the noble, gentle face of Lady Jane Grey.

The Tapestry Room, which is next, is described by its name; some ancient Spanish tapestry in it is especially fine. By way of curiosities, it contains a table on which are all the quarterings—a hundred at least—of the family escutcheon; an old black cabinet, whereon we see depicted some part of the story of Joseph; and a broken bit of Philip Sidney's shaving-glass, which considerably magnifies the human chin.

The little china-room, which comes next, is said to have been the Pages' Closet in the time of Elizabeth; it is fortunately so no longer. Those mischievous young gentlemen would work havoc among the treasures—chiefly of old Oriental ware—which the pretty room now holds; and its queer little Eastern "tear-bottles" would soon be full!

Last of this suite of rooms—and the only one which has not been restored—is the great picture gallery; a room 90 ft. long, with walls of pale brown, its further end being a wider space with a great window beautifully overlooking the garden, the terrace, and the church, and the dark wood on the hill-side further away.

In this long gallery are many pictures: portraits for the most part, of men and women famous in history. There are kings and queens, and their Ministers,

painted by Holbein, Vandyke, Mytens; some of them, perhaps, named on the principle suggested by Walpole, but many very fine and very interesting.

A legacy just left to Lord De L'Isle is a portrait of Elizabeth, said to have been painted expressly for Philip Sidney, and, perhaps, the pleasantest likeness we have of the great Queen. That lady is also shown in a mood of less dignity, hopping and skipping with vast energy in a dance with Leicester, at Kenilworth; the courtiers looking on with becoming and praiseworthy gravity.

Here, too, is a portrait by Holbein of Edward VI., the friend of Henry Sidney; and, of course, many portraits of the great Sidneys—Sir William Sidney and Dudley, handsome and self-possessed; Philip Sidney, by Zuccherro, a very fine picture of a keen, distinguished face; and Algernon, with much more character than the other portraits give him credit for, though with the same quiet, rather shy, look. He is seen too, as a little boy—red-haired, ugly, and very sad—with his brothers Robert and Philip, in a curious picture accredited to Vandyke. It is strange to think that he was the brother of the beautiful coquette, Sacharissa; one cannot but imagine what fun she made of him, how little she can have understood this ugly duckling of the family!

There is a portrait of Sacharissa herself here, too, by Vandyke, in which one does realise her splendid beauty, and submit—however warned—to her fascination; Vandyke was exactly the painter for this rich loveliness, courtly and full of grace. Her husband's portrait, magnificently painted by the great artist Mytens, is also in this gallery.

Not very far from the great window there is a pretty, rather childish face of Mary Sidney—"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother"—and a picture of Sidney's wife, whose face is not unlike his own, but with hair dark instead of light and reddish. Two portraits of Barbara Gamage are here, and one of them is quite pretty.

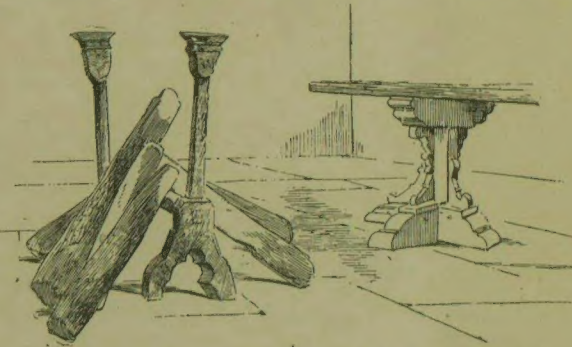
Of curiosities this gallery has more than its share. Here by the fireplace, just ready to be pulled on, are a great pair of riding-boots, which belonged to Sir Philip. Here is a chair of state of Elizabeth's, conveniently made to hold two—whether with a view to that future partner whom she never chose, I know not; and, by way of companion to this, the coronation-stool of Queen Victoria. A large and very showy spinet of red and gold, lined with blue, is also to be remarked; and a beautiful cabinet, enriched with etchings.

In the wider part at the end of the gallery there is a door in the wall, with a private passage from below; in most of the great old houses one finds these secret passages, now-a-days confined to melodrama. Penshurst, by-the-way, is better provided with minor than with major staircases; it lacks the grand staircase, which is generally among the finest features of a great house.

Of the private rooms a brief notice is enough. They are essentially the private rooms of a great country seat—quiet, comfortable, and rich; with beautiful pictures, interesting memorials of the old family, and charming views from every window of lawn and park and the deep woods beyond. The right-hand stairs from the great hall lead to them, and two steps take us immediately from old to new—from the lofty, bare, cold hall, to low, soft-scented rooms, with pictures, hanging curtains, and carpets! To a blind man the first foot-fall would tell the change.

Here are many relics and many curiosities, although a good many disappeared some time ago; much, we are told, "of the Sidney correspondence preserved in the Evidence Chamber found its way to the hands of London collectors, under the auspices of the ingenious Mr. Ireland, then a frequent visitor at Penshurst." Much, however, remains; the most precious being manuscripts and household books of Philip Sidney's.

More precious still, and rarer, is a sacred heirloom hanging here, a collection of many locks of hair of the most memorable of the family: here are tresses of the very hair



OLD FIRE-DOGS AND TABLE IN THE GUARD-ROOM

of Philip Sidney and of Algernon, and of their worthiest kinsmen.

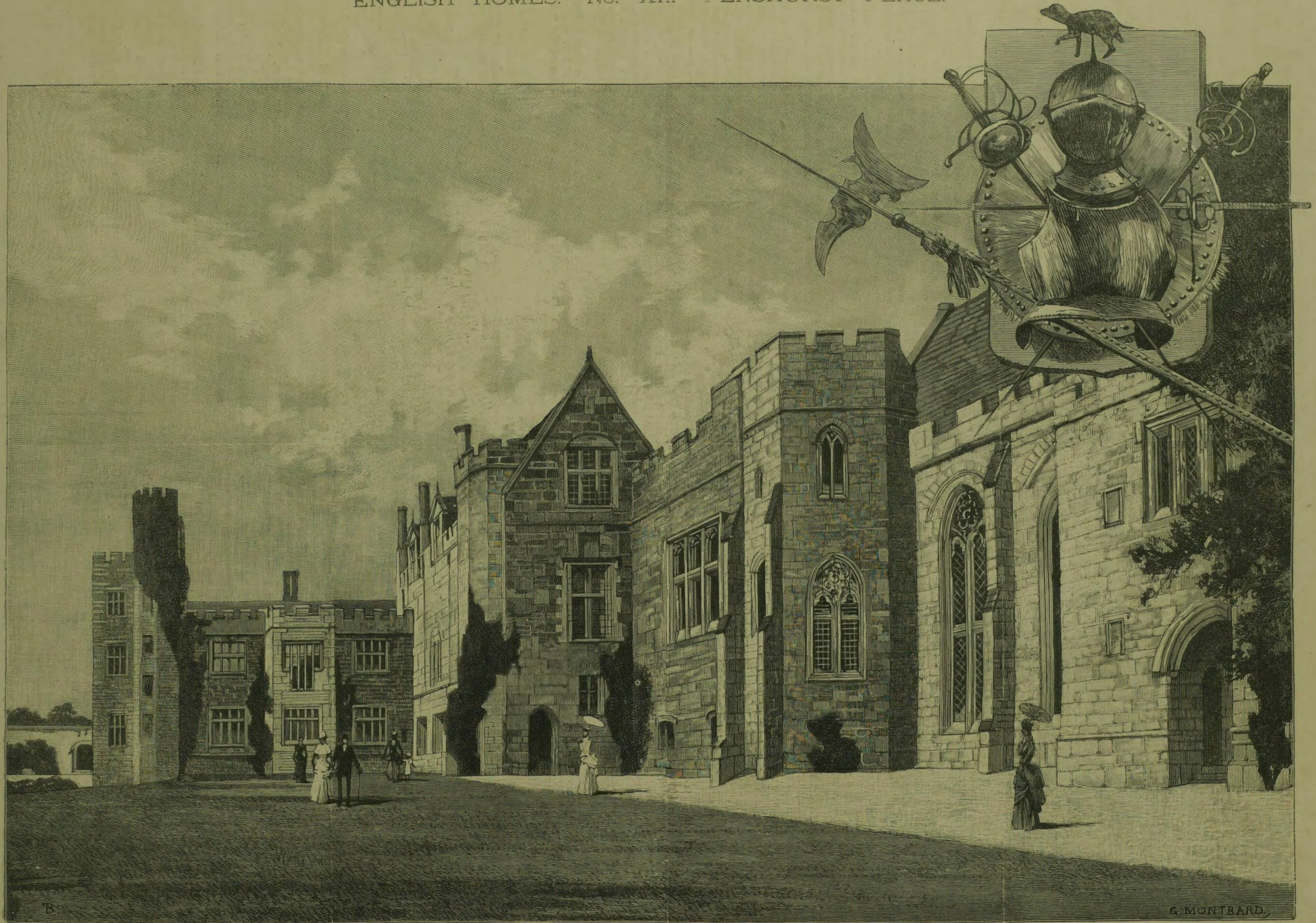
Leaving the other rooms without even an apology for a notice, let us turn back, and once more pass through the hall, and so out into the beautiful inner court. Here a great chestnut is growing between the doorway and the gate-house tower that leads to the garden; and here, opposite the tree, stood until very recent days a kind of high wooden gallows, wherein hung a dinner-bell—now in the archway to the eastern court—inscribed "Robert Earl of Leicester at Penshurst, 1649."

On a lower level, perhaps six or eight feet below the smooth greensward of this court, there lies the pretty flower-garden: square, with rectangular beds, high box hedges and edgings, a grey statue in the middle, the great fruit-gardens to the east, and all along the western side a high, raised walk, with a fruit-tree wall behind; and over this again the red-roofed church, its tower crowned with four little spires.

Garden and lawn, on yet another level, divided by high box hedges, stretch from the churchyard to the private wing. The gardens were, indeed, always laid out in terraces, the most beautiful being that western walk of close-cut grass. Along this path, just as we walk in summer twilight now, might Sacharissa have strolled up and down with Waller, on the evening of his arrival. It hardly needed the beauty of this daughter of the great house to complete his conquest, as they looked down on the sweet-scented garden, or, through the window in the wall at the terrace-end, upon the white, winding road, and the bridge over the narrow river, and the pretty village—or upward, as the church-bells rang above them. There is danger still, in these soft summer evenings; what must there not have been, in those days of cavaliers and love-locks!

Of all the views of Penshurst, the most beautiful, I think, is that from the bottom of the garden. Rising on the higher ground—above the flowers, the grass, the dark box-hedges—the castle spreads its long extent of yellowish walls and turrets: with one red tower to the left, and the grey gate-house and the sombre trees, and two high sloping roofs, dull-red against the soft English sky, to break up and vary the long irregular line.

EDWARD ROSE.



Back View of the old part of the House from the Private Gardens.